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BOSTON UNIVERSITY

GRADUATE SCHOOL

Thesis

HAMLIN GARLAND, A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER

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(A.B., Arizona State Teachers College, 1937)

submitted in partial fulfilment of the

requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts

1939





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## OUTLINE

	<u>Pages</u>
CHAPTER I	
A. THE PURPOSE OF THE STUDY.....	1-2
a. Statement of the problem.....	1
b. Importance of the study.....	1-2
CHAPTER II	
A. THE NEW LITERARY SPIRIT.....	3-12
a. The rise of a new nation.....	6-9
b. The voice of rebellion.....	9-12
CHAPTER III	
A. LITERARY INFLUENCES.....	13-22
a. Life as an influence.....	13-19
b. Boston and the influence of friends	19-22
CHAPTER IV	
A. LITERARY VIEWS.....	23-31
CHAPTER V	
A. GARLAND, THE REALIST.....	32-38
CHAPTER VI	
A. GARLAND, THE ROMANTICIST.....	39-47
CHAPTER VII	
A. GARLAND, THE POET.....	48-56
CHAPTER VIII	
A. MISCELLANEOUS WRITING.....	57-64
CHAPTER IX	
A. CONCLUSION.....	65-70
a. The new trend to naturalism.....	68-70
SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY	

## CHAPTER

1900

The first of the year was a very quiet one, with only a few small storms. The weather was generally clear and bright, and the crops were growing well. The people were busy with their work, and the country was in a state of peace and order.

The second of the year was a very busy one, with many large storms. The weather was generally cloudy and rainy, and the crops were growing well. The people were busy with their work, and the country was in a state of peace and order.

The third of the year was a very quiet one, with only a few small storms. The weather was generally clear and bright, and the crops were growing well. The people were busy with their work, and the country was in a state of peace and order.

The fourth of the year was a very busy one, with many large storms. The weather was generally cloudy and rainy, and the crops were growing well. The people were busy with their work, and the country was in a state of peace and order.

The fifth of the year was a very quiet one, with only a few small storms. The weather was generally clear and bright, and the crops were growing well. The people were busy with their work, and the country was in a state of peace and order.

The sixth of the year was a very busy one, with many large storms. The weather was generally cloudy and rainy, and the crops were growing well. The people were busy with their work, and the country was in a state of peace and order.

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The tenth of the year was a very busy one, with many large storms. The weather was generally cloudy and rainy, and the crops were growing well. The people were busy with their work, and the country was in a state of peace and order.



## CHAPTER I

### THE PURPOSE OF THE STUDY

Statement of the problem. It is the purpose of this study (1) to describe briefly the American spirit of the late nineteenth century; (2) to show how this prevailing spirit affected the literary concepts of the time; (3) to show what place and what influence Hamlin Garland had in this period: as a romantic writer, as a realistic writer, as a representative spokesman to the spirit of rebellion, as a delineator of mid-Western life, and as one who stood at a pivotal position rejecting the literary optimism of the past and looking into the offing to that coming school of Naturalistic writers.

This study makes no pretensions of being an exhaustive research nor does it strive to be sympathetic or unsympathetic in presentation of material. However, it does offer a variety of samplings of Hamlin Garland's work, authoritative criticism of this work, and attempts to evaluate Garland's contribution to American literature.

Importance of the study. American literature was to take a new turn in the latter part of the nineteenth



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century. It became at once both regional and realistic, and the new literary school which fathered this movement made a drastic break away from the past. Hamlin Garland was an important member of this school, and as a rebel writer he was instrumental not only in furthering the literary concepts of the school, but also in paving the way for twentieth century Naturalism. Thus the study of Garland and his work is important to those who would seek to better understand late nineteenth and early twentieth century literature. Also this study is, in no small measure, important as an attempt, however small, to re-appraise Garland's work.





## CHAPTER II

### THE NEW LITERARY SPIRIT

The phrase, "the birth of a nation" is not an idle misnomer when we stop to consider that, following the Civil War, Americans gradually ceased to say, "The United States are," and began to say, "The United States is." It is true that the Civil War gave a great impetus to national tendencies in all fields and did much to complete the process of building a nation. Verily, Fred Lewis Pattee and others have had good reason to look back upon this spiritual rebirth and call it "the second discovery of America."

After the tremendous reality of the Civil War, America began to demand genuineness and the truth of life. A new spirit--a spirit of American self-consciousness--took the place of the old aristocratic restraints. By abolishing slavery and settling the question of secession, the War made the nation a political unity that it had never been before. Gradually the political and military leadership passed from New England and the South to the more thoroughly American Middle West, which, in Lowell's conception, gave us "the first American." 1.

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1. James Russell Lowell, "Ode Recited At The Harvard Commemoration", July, 1865, stanza vi.

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It has been said that the Civil War was responsible for producing not only a new nation but also, eventually, a new literature--American literature.

In ante-bellum days American literature was little more than an aggregation of sectional literatures; after the War it became national in a sense of the word not applicable before that time. 2.

However, notwithstanding some undeniable grounds for truth in such a statement, it appears that the historian who finds the one key to nationality and national literature in the Civil War has, perhaps, given too little attention to the necessary implications of the building of the railroads, the multiplication of territories, the land grant policies, and the complications these created. When we realize that the middle Western and far Western states were, for the most part, political creations (of the respective Congresses which considered them only in terms of free- or slave-constituencies) we can better understand how these same far-removed states came to suffer the political, social, and economic injustices of the time. Also, we can better understand why this new nation developed a new literary spirit, why it was essentially a spirit of revolt, why it sought realistic expression, and why, for the most part, the literature of this new era came not from the Eastern shores, but from various outlying sections of the country.

The very fact that this new American literature

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2. Norman Foerster, The Reinterpretation of American Literature, (New York: Harcourt Brace & Co., 1928), pp.53-54.





(which for safety's sake cannot afford to be called either "national" or "representative") did not arrive until the last decade of the nineteenth century is further proof that it was not a "child" of post-war days but was rather a new "creation"--a creation that owed almost nothing to traditional literary views, old concepts, or old masters.

The old school of writers, during the period of the 1890's, had passed or was passing away. English literary "lights" such as Arnold, Ruskin, Morris, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Browning as well as their American contemporaries, Emerson, Longfellow, Melville, Lowell, Whitman, Whittier, Holmes, and Mrs. Stowe had, one by one, died or laid their pens aside, and with their passing something of the old literary order passed with them.

Naturally the new literary school did not arrive at once upon the scene, nor did the many members all write realistically and associate themselves with the new spirit of revolt. However, if the new literature was slow in arriving it may perhaps be partially explained on the grounds that there was not, as in the case of earlier literary movements, a central theme nor a centrally located literary center such as Boston and New York had provided for earlier writers. A movement which was at once composed of realism and local color was supported by a wide range of talents and techniques representing life from many standpoints and from many sections of the country. There was the Vermont or Massachusetts of Miss Mary Wilkins Freeman, the Maine of Miss Sarah





Orne Jewett, the Virginia of Mr. Page, the Indiana of Mr. Edward Eggleston, the Alaska of Mr. Jack London, the Southern Uncle Remus Stories of Joel Chandler Harris, the Tennessee pictures of Miss Mary Noailles Murfree, the Indiana farm life of James Whitcomb Riley, the Creole folk tales of George W. Cable, the California of young Frank Norris, the Mississippi Valley tales of Mark Twain, the Beacon Street Boston of William Dean Howells, and the Middle Border stories of Hamlin Garland.

Scholars who would seek the reason for the rise of a new literary spirit have only to study the history of late nineteenth century America. Those who come to know of the graft of the time, the wholesale exploitation, and the predatory practices of Big Business will understand why the new spirit was essentially one of rebellion and why, eventually, it found expression in almost all the literature of the time and particularly in the work of Hamlin Garland.

The rise of a new nation. All over the young nation a spider web of iron rails was being spun that was to draw the remotest outposts into the common whole and bind the nation together with steel bands. Nevertheless, two diverse worlds lay on the map of continental America. Facing in opposite directions and holding different faiths, they would never travel together. The one, Agricultural America, was a decentralized world, democratic, individualistic, suspicious; the other, Industrial America, was a centralized world, capitalistic, feudal, ambitious.

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5. The fifth part concludes by summarizing the key findings and recommendations. It reiterates the importance of a robust data collection system and suggests areas for future improvement and research.

Of the two Americas of the time, Industrial America was the aggressor nation; it represented the passionate will to power. If there was a guiding God for the industrialists of this period to look to, He was surely a Janus-God of power and money. If the men were capable and enterprising, they were also primitive, ruthless, predatory, and single-minded; rogues and rascals often, but never hindered by petty scruples, never weak or whining. They were tough-minded and calloused enough to be neglectful or, worse yet, unmindful of the suffering they caused. Such names as: Daniel Drew, Commodore Vanderbilt, Jim Fisk, Jay Gould, Russell Sage--blackguards for the most part, railway builders, cheaters and swindlers--survive in history even today. Then there was the numerous tribe of politicians--Boss Tweed, Fernando Wood, G. Oakey Hall, Senator Pomeroy, Senator Cameron, Roscoe Conkling, James G. Blaine--blackguards also for the most part, looting city treasuries, buying and selling legislative votes like railway stock.

The farmer, especially the mid-Western farmer, was hopelessly unable to cope with such brilliant if infamous crooks and their methods of profiteering and exploitation. As immigrants poured into the Middle Border regions, the railroads came to push the frontier westward, and Big Business speculators and promoters hovered over the prairies like buzzards seeking their carrion.

Not satisfied with reasonable returns for their investments, the railroad companies invariably charged as much



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2. The second section focuses on the role of internal controls in preventing fraud and mismanagement. It outlines various measures that can be put in place, such as segregation of duties, regular audits, and the establishment of clear policies and procedures. The document stresses that these controls are not just for compliance but are also vital for the long-term health and sustainability of the organization.

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5. The final part of the document concludes with a call to action, urging organizations to take a proactive approach to financial management. It encourages the adoption of best practices and the continuous improvement of financial systems to ensure long-term success and resilience in a competitive environment.

as the farmer could possibly pay. Congress had definitely voted they could charge "all that the traffic will bear."

One historian, writing of the period, says:

Railroad rates were not always so low as they could have been. Worse still, they were not the same to everybody. Great monopolistic enterprises like the Rockefeller Standard Oil Company were made possible by deals with the railroads. The Erie and the New York Central agreed to give Rockefeller rebates on freight rates which were ruinous to competitors, while Rockefeller in turn agreed to give these roads all his business. Subsequently the railroads themselves entered into monopolistic combinations and they became one of the most dreaded trusts in spite of temporary setbacks from the western farmers. So powerful were the Congressional railroad lobbies during their fight against the proposed Interstate Commerce Commission in 1886 that Nast thus ridiculed the "Senatorial Round-House." 3.

Year after year the railroad companies continued to charge exorbitant rates and year by year the mid-Western farmer grew poorer and poorer. The country was crying out for reform, but the railroad lobbyists were powerful forces in Washington, and, in most cases, the American wheat farmers--hard-working, honest, but unlettered in the schemes of monopoly--continued to suffer brutal treatment and cry out only vaguely at the injustices that kept them poverty-stricken.

Finally, after the crisis of the 1889 drought and the subsequent crop failures, the farmers rose up as a man in indignant protest, and for the first time their power was felt. The Farmers' Alliance merged into the broader force of the People's Party and declared:

Corruption dominates the ballot-box, the legisla-

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3. John A. Kouwenhoven, Adventures Of America, (New York: Harper & Bros., 1939), p. 189.



ture, the Congress, and touches even the ermine of the bench. The people are demoralized... The newspapers are largely subsidized or muzzled; public opinion silenced; business prostrated; our homes covered with mortgages; labor impoverished; and the land concentrating in the hands of the capitalists. 4.

It is significant that at long last the mid-West had found its voice. The People's Party never elected a president to the United States, but a new spirit was born--a spirit of revolt--and when at last the coupled forces of power: an active Agrarian Nation craving out for reform, and a rebellious young school of realistic writers determined to redress the grievances of a people--when these forces finally came to work in a common cause, a whole great reform movement was precipitated, the Middle Border wheat farmers were given a new lease on life, and America was given a new literature.

The voice of rebellion. By the end of the 1880's some of the bitterness of the frontier began to creep into literature. It is true that some of its slackness and drab poverty was expressed in the pages of The Hoosier Schoolmaster, but by and large, "most of the novels that had dealt with the frontier were written by men who had had no first-hand experience of pioneer life."<sup>5</sup> In these earlier studies there had been no brooding sense of social injustice, of the wrongs done the Middle Border by unjust laws, of the hardships that were increased by the favoritism of govern-

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4. Frederic L. Paxson, The New Nation, (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1929), pp. 209-210.

5. Foerster, op. cit. p. 46





ment. In the year 1887, however, came a significant change of temper. Three very different writers--Harold Frederic, Joseph Kirkland, and Hamlin Garland--turned to the theme of farm life, and dealt with it in a mordantly realistic vein. It was the first conscious literary reaction to the subjection of agriculture to capitalistic exploitation and it was marked by the bitterness of a decaying order.

The new spirit--the rebellious spirit of an Agrarian Nation--had found an outlet, and the Middle Border had found its own particular spokesman in the person of one of its native sons, Hamlin Garland.

It might reasonably be asked: Why was Garland the first to note the existing conditions of hardship in the American farmer's life, and why was he the first to tell the bitter story of truth? There had been other writers, other realists; why had they left the brutal facts untold?

It is true, there were other writers, many who may be regarded as deliberate realists. William Dean Howells, to name only one, was an important realistic writer of the time. Of all the men of the period, Howells was probably best prepared to give the new realistic movement a vigorous, powerful drive, but he did not measure up to his potential greatness. Born in the West\*, Howells went to Boston to seek a literary career. He was assimilated by the Eastern culture, and any indignation he may have felt toward the destroying forces known to the frontiersman, he either com-

\* Howells was born in Martin's Ferry, Ohio, 1837.

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry, no matter how small, should be recorded to ensure the integrity of the financial data. This includes not only sales and purchases but also expenses and income. The document further states that regular audits are necessary to verify the accuracy of these records and to identify any discrepancies or errors. It also mentions that proper record-keeping is essential for tax purposes and for providing a clear picture of the company's financial health to stakeholders.

The second part of the document outlines the procedures for handling customer orders and inquiries. It stresses the need for prompt and courteous service to all customers, regardless of the size of their order. The document provides a step-by-step guide for processing orders, from initial contact to delivery and follow-up. It also includes a section on how to handle complaints and returns, emphasizing the importance of listening to the customer's concerns and resolving them as quickly as possible. The document concludes by stating that excellent customer service is a key factor in building a loyal and successful business.

pletely forgot or neglected to mention. Despite the recognized fact that Howells has, with some justification, been called the father of the American realistic novel, he failed to do anything distinctively more important than "father" the movement. Though he wrote urbanly and wisely, his was usually a reticent realism that prepared for the later era of frankness in American fiction.

Although he believed that 'the smiling aspects of life are the more American ones', and although in his own practice he avoided unpleasant scenes and thoughts, his defense of realism gave courage to such younger men as Hamlin Garland, Stephen Crane, and Frank Norris, who laid bare the wounds of society. 6.

A child of the Enlightenment, science had not knocked at his door to disturb his simple faith, and the Industrial Revolution had not yet destroyed the genial optimism in which that faith had been nurtured. For years he refused to immerse himself in the turbid stream of his generation. 7.

Until his later years Howells continued to bask in the radiant Jamesian realism and, like his European godfather, wrote books on social manners. Inevitably his characteristic, if not his greatest tragedy, was a social faux pas or the "inexcusable" fact that a certain one of his characters was born on the other side of the railroad tracks. Thus it was that this literary light, this patron of realism, this potentially great man, who might have made a really great contribution to literature, contented himself with the Bostonian bliss of the Age of Innocence, where women held sway and a maidenly reticence was reckoned the crown of womanhood. As

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6. Harry R. Warfel and others, Editors, The American Mind, (Boston: American Book Co., 1937), p. 1126

7. Foerster, op. cit., p. 147



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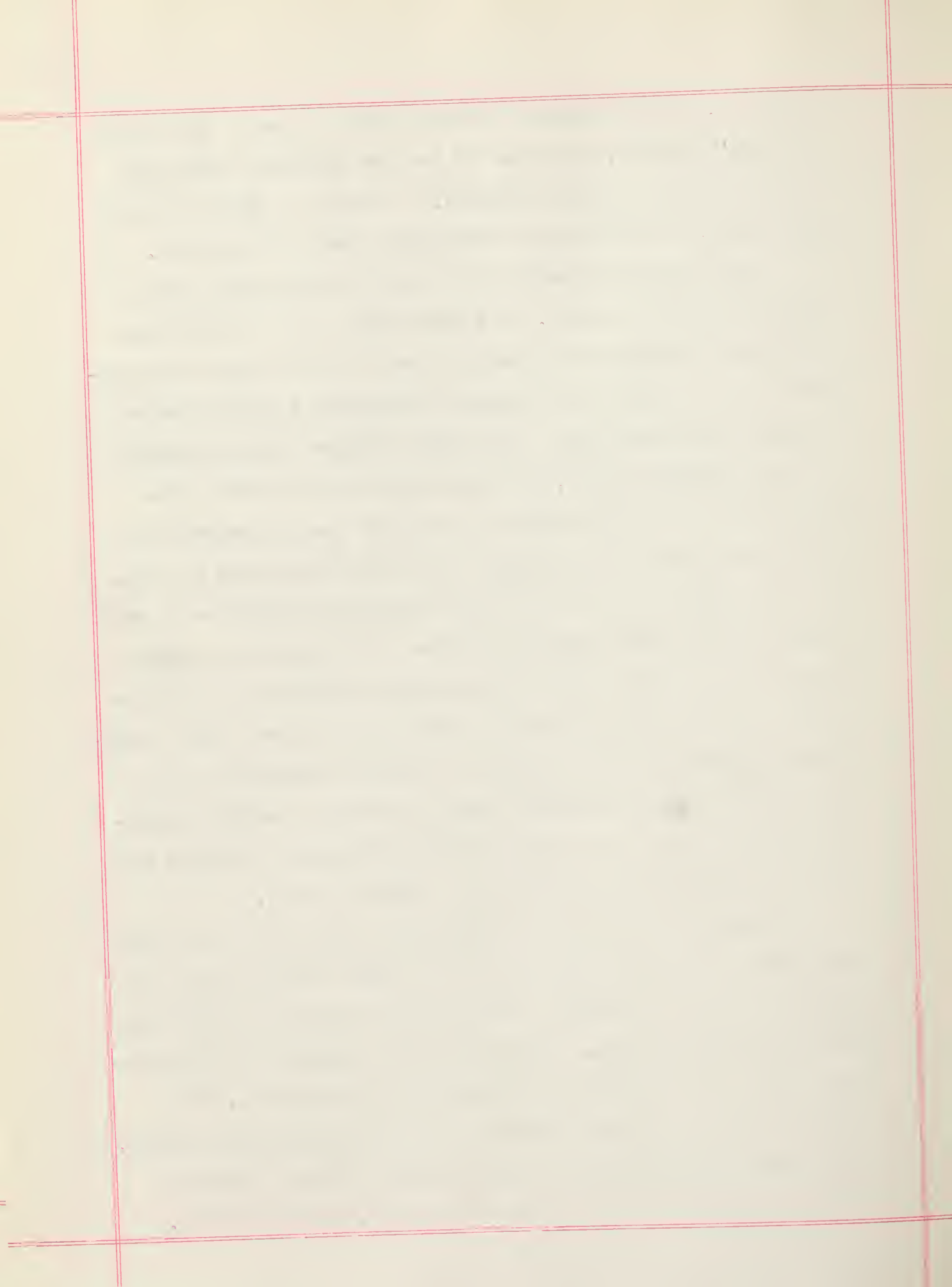
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a realist, Howells became nothing greater than a specialist in women's nerves, a prober of the New England conscience troubled with invisible cobwebs, a master of Beacon Street small-talk, a portrayer of impeccable Back Bay manners.

William Dean Howells was never an essential part of the new literary spirit. The new America was a rebellious America. The period had Henry Adams for its bitter philosopher; had the youthful Theodore Roosevelt for its graft-busting standard-bearer; had Henry George for its spokesman of economic change, moving across the continent from California to New York with an argument and a program for new battles against privilege; had Edward Bellamy for its Utopian romancer, setting forth a delectable picture of what human society might become were the old iniquities reasonably wiped away and cooperative order brought out of competitive chaos; had--to end the list with a first class rebel--Hamlin Garland as its principal literary spokesman of the distress and dissatisfaction then stirring along the changing frontier which so long as free land lasted had been the natural outlet for the expansive, restless race.

Hamlin Garland was a rebel, and, like the other above mentioned rebels, he saw some of the same cursed evils and sought not only to expose them but also to offer suggestions for their eradication. He typified the essence of the American spirit of the time: that spirit of rebellion, that spirit of revolt, that spirit of frank indignation; and he, like the other writers who had "caught" the new literary spirit, chose to write frankly, honestly, realistically.



## CHAPTER III

### LITERARY INFLUENCES

In the study of any literary figure it is important that we first look "behind the scenes" as it were and seek out any and all factors that were to prove influences or at least contributory influences on that man and thus to his literary contributions. It is important that we ascertain these influences, not only because they are always, in some measure, responsible for the intellectual, moral, and spiritual growth of the man, but also because we cannot thoroughly understand the significance of the literature itself unless we know from whence it sprung and how it developed.

Life as an influence. Generally speaking it may be said of any writer that the greatest single influence upon his literary work is the influence of his environment and the life he lives. What is taken to be generally true of all writers is specifically and definitely true of Hamlin Garland.

Hamlin Garland was a man of the soil. Born on the plains of West Salem, Wisconsin, and hardened for twenty-one years to the driving toil of farm life, Garland came to know that life--came to know it as a man knows an old tool--and though Garland, like other sons of the Middle Border, never quite gave way to defeat and despair, the cruel realities of





that driving frontier life left an indelible stamp upon his soul.

For seventy days I walked behind my plow on the new farm while my father finished the harvest on the rented farm and moved to the house on the knoll. It was lonely work for a boy of eleven but there were frequent breaks in the monotony and I did not greatly suffer. I disliked cross-cutting for the reason that the unrotted sods would often pile up in front of the coulter and make me a great deal of trouble. There is a certain pathos in the sight of that small boy tugging and kicking at the stubborn turf in the effort to free his plow. Such misfortunes loom large on a lad's horizon. 1.

There is nothing wrong with hard work; there is no point in showing simply that Garland was a hard-working farmer boy and that later in life he was able to draw from such an experience and tell truth. That is all true and easily understood, but hard work might have "happened" to anyone. What is particularly significant, however, is the fact that these twelve hour days of toil, year after year, were bringing the farmer no returns.

Garland saw this futility in all the lives about him and wrote candidly:

No grace had come or ever could come into his life. Back of him were generations of men like himself, whose main business had been to work hard, live miserably, and beget children to take their places when they died. 2.

Again and again Garland saw these hopeful frontiersmen lured west by the cry of "free land", and again and again he saw them humbled, disillusioned, and poverty-stricken by

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1. Hamlin Garland, A Son of the Middle Border (New York: The MacMillan Company, 1922), p. 110

2. Hamlin Garland, Other Main-Traveled Roads (New York: Harpers & Bros., 1910), p. 88



the grim realities they faced. In his story "Lucretia Burns", he cries out his resentment.

It was a pitifully worn, almost tragic face--long, thin, sallow, hollow-eyed. The mouth had long since lost the power to shape itself into a kiss, and had a droop at the corners which seemed to announce a breaking-down at any moment into a despairing wail. The collarless neck and sharp shoulders showed painfully.

She felt vaguely that the night was beautiful. The setting sun, the noise of frogs, the nocturnal insects beginning to pipe--all in some way called her girlhood back to her, though there was little in her girlhood to give her pleasure. Her large gray eyes grew round, deep, and wistful as she saw the illimitable craggy clouds grow crimson, roll slowly up, and fire at the top. A childish scream recalled her. 3.

If it is true that Garland was eventually able to break away and take what he called the "back-trail" east to Boston, it is equally true that he never felt at home there. He was a son of the soil--prairie soil--and he never, either in the reality of life nor in the fiction of novel, was able to shake this soil from his clothes. To Garland, life was a task-master, and the influence of this relentless master was ever and always to guide the pen of the writer.

In A Son of the Middle Border, Garland is autobiographically candid in his narration of fact. His is the story of a frontier boyhood of driving toil, of constant moves--always toward new frontiers--of squalid conditions, and futile endeavor. The family was always chasing new rainbows in the hope that the next place would prove more conducive to farming and thus, we assume, to better life. "To my father," says Garland, "on the contrary, change was





alluring. Iowa was now the place of the rainbow, and the pot of gold." 4.

If there were compensations to be found in Wisconsin farming they were certainly few and unredeeming. If it is true that men everywhere in the 1880's worked unconplainingly for twelve hours a day, it is also true that some such man--a Hamlin Garland, for instance--had the wondering right to ask why all of a man's waking hours should be spent in an effort to feed and clothe his family, and whether there was not something wrong with a social system that made the unremitting toiler remain poor.

More and more as Garland saw and pondered over the stark naked tragedy of midwestern life, he became more and more incensed to write the truth about it.

Heretofore the prairies and the plains had depended almost wholly upon romance--and that often of the cheapest sort--for their literary reputation; Mr. Garland, who had tested at first hand the innumerable hardships of such a life, became articulate through his dissent from average notions about the pioneer. His earliest motives of dissent seem to have been personal and artistic. During that youth which saw him borne steadily westward, from his Wisconsin birthplace to windy Iowa and then to bleak Dakota, his own instincts clashed with those of his migratory father as the instincts of many a sensitive, unremembered youth must have clashed with the dumb, fierce urges of the leaders of migration everywhere. 5.

Here, thought Garland, was a theme--a tragic theme it is true, but nonetheless gigantic and epical in scope.

I asked myself, 'Why have these stern facts never been put into our literature as they have been used in Russia and in England? Why has this land no story-tellers?' 6.

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4. Garland, op. cit. p. 43

5. Carl Van Doren, Contemporary American Novelists, p. 39

6. L.L. Hazard, The Frontier in American Lit. p. 263



This prairie life, thought Garland, needed a storyteller; it was crying out for truthful presentation. Garland would tell the story and it would be a story of truth.

Somehow Garland seems vaguely to have known, even from early boyhood, that he was not born to follow a plow all his days. Maybe it was because he felt it a futile existence for any man when he questioned: "What purpose does a man serve by toiling like that for 60 years with no increase of leisure, with no growth in mental grace?" 7. Or maybe it was because those few years of country schooling and his subsequent study at Cedar Valley Seminary had somehow kindled to fire an aesthetic appreciation for the noble and beautiful and opened his eyes to the injustice of life-sapping toil. At any rate Garland was given the vision and all surrounding life became his canvas.

He enlisted in the crusade against poverty and gave literature its first truthful story about the frontier farmers and their lives. He hoped to do something to lift the desperate burdens of their condition and consequently his passions and his doctrines joined hands to point the direction of his art. He hated the frontier and hinted at definite remedies which he thought would make it more endurable.

Unlike the romancers who had assiduously studied the progress of the frontier in the lives of its victors, Garland studied and painted it in the lives of its victims:

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7. Garland, A Son of the Middle Border, p. 361





...the private soldier returning drably and mutely from the war to resume his drab, mute career behind the plow; the tenant caught in a trap by his landlord and the law and obliged to pay for the added value which his own toil has given to his farm; the brother neglected until his courage has died and proffered assistance comes too late to rouse him; and particularly the daughter whom a harsh father or the wife whom a brutal husband breaks or drives away--the most sensitive and therefore the most pitiful victims of them all. 8.

Later in his literary career, Garland turned away from the sordid struggle of Middle Border life, to write romantic and things of a lighter vein, but once transplanted from the Wisconsin and Dakota farm lands he necessarily relinquished his close touch with the life he knew so well. It is true that he never altogether lost his indignant feeling of resentment towards capitalistic exploitation, intolerance, and economic and social persecution of the poor, but in his delineation of the frontier life on the "high trails", Garland was never quite successful.

The life of the Middle Border was his great theme; he knew that life best, and he should have continued to let that life--his own life--dictate his themes. There was deep, bitter sincerity in his words when he said:

Another dry year was upon the land and the settlers were deeply disheartened...The stress of misfortune had not only destroyed hope, it had brought out the evil side of many men. Dissentions had grown common. Two of my father's neighbors had gone insane over the failure of their crops...9.

The bitter influences of life are again recounted and justified when Garland says:

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8. Van Doren, op. cit. pp. 41-42  
9. Garland, op. cit. p. 398

The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general principles of the theory of the structure of the atom. It is shown that the structure of the atom is determined by the laws of quantum mechanics, which are based on the principle of the conservation of energy and the principle of the conservation of momentum. The second part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the experimental results obtained in the study of the structure of the atom. It is shown that the experimental results are in good agreement with the theoretical predictions of quantum mechanics.

The third part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the application of the theory of the structure of the atom to the study of the properties of matter. It is shown that the theory of the structure of the atom can be used to calculate the properties of matter, such as the density, the specific heat, and the thermal conductivity. The fourth part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the application of the theory of the structure of the atom to the study of the properties of light. It is shown that the theory of the structure of the atom can be used to calculate the properties of light, such as the refractive index, the absorption coefficient, and the scattering cross-section.

The fifth part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the application of the theory of the structure of the atom to the study of the properties of the nucleus. It is shown that the theory of the structure of the atom can be used to calculate the properties of the nucleus, such as the mass, the charge, and the spin. The sixth part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the application of the theory of the structure of the atom to the study of the properties of the elementary particles. It is shown that the theory of the structure of the atom can be used to calculate the properties of the elementary particles, such as the mass, the charge, and the spin.

The seventh part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the application of the theory of the structure of the atom to the study of the properties of the universe. It is shown that the theory of the structure of the atom can be used to calculate the properties of the universe, such as the density, the temperature, and the expansion rate. The eighth part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the application of the theory of the structure of the atom to the study of the properties of the human body. It is shown that the theory of the structure of the atom can be used to calculate the properties of the human body, such as the density, the temperature, and the expansion rate.

The ninth part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the application of the theory of the structure of the atom to the study of the properties of the future. It is shown that the theory of the structure of the atom can be used to calculate the properties of the future, such as the density, the temperature, and the expansion rate.

My dark mood was deepened into bitterness by my father's farm, where I found my mother imprisoned in a small cabin on the enormous sunburnt, treeless plain, with no expectation of ever living anywhere else... "Old Paps Flaxen", "Jason Edwards", "A Spoil of Office", and most of the stories gathered into the second volume of Main-Traveled Roads were written in the shadow of defeats. If they seem unduly austere, let the reader remember the times in which they were composed. That they were true of the farms of that day no one can know better than I, for I was there--a farmer.

The two volumes of Main-Traveled Roads can now be taken to be what William Dean Howells called them, "historical fiction", for they form a record of the farmer's life as I lived it and studied it. In these two books is a record of the privations and hardships of the men and women who subdued the midland wilderness and prepared the way for the present golden age of agriculture. 10.

Boston and the influence of friends. Undoubtedly Hamlin Garland never would have written had he not come to Boston, for it was while he studied and worked in that city that he came to meet and know such men as William Dean Howells, Henry James, Edwin Booth, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Charles Dudley Warner, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Edward Everett Hale, Brander Mathews, and Walt Whitman.

Garland, unable to afford college study, had come to Boston at twenty-three to read and study for a year in the Boston Public Library. His life was hard. He lived in bleak little attic rooms, breakfasted on eight cents, dined on fifteen and supped on ten; wore his prairie-born coat to a shine and his cuffs to a frazzle, and was shrunken thin by low fare; but his head was up and his manner, though grave, was confident.





Speaking of Garland's Boston apprenticeship, Parrington writes:

His ear had caught the greater voices then sounding in Europe and America. His masters were men of intellectual horizons unbounded by Beacon Street and Harvard Square: Taine, and Ibsen and Bjornson, Turgenev and Tolstoi, Zola and Millet, Darwin and Spencer and Fiske, Walt Whitman and Henry George, and the later Howells with his deeper sociological concern and graver realism. His three great Masters came finally to be Whitman, Spencer, and Henry George. To these greater names should be added that of Edward Eggleston, who had been his boyhood idol, and that of Joseph Kirkland, who did much to stimulate and guide his earliest sketches. 11.

Garland was keenly conscientious in his study. He spent ten hours a day reading in the library and then, as a usual thing, went off to attend a lecture in the evening. He reports that upon one occasion he summoned up courage to remain and meet the evening's speaker, Edward Everett Hale. Hale was impressed with the young man's reading habits and general fund of knowledge, and gave Garland a written voucher that would allow him to take books out of the library. Garland had made his first friend.

At the end of his first year's study in Boston, Garland secured a professorial position in the Boston School of Oratory; from this time forward, he made friends rapidly and began, in a small way, to "blossom out". He lectured in and around Boston on "The Art of Edwin Booth"; he early joined the Anti-Poverty Society, and espoused the doctrines of Henry George.

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11. Vernon Louis Parrington, The Beginnings Of Critical Realism In America: 1860-1920, (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1930), p. 293

THE  
JOURNAL  
OF  
THE  
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE  
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND  
VOLUME 31  
PART 1  
1901

CONTENTS  
PAGES  
The Evolution of the Human Mind, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Body, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Soul, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Spirit, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Intellect, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Will, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Emotion, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Instinct, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Reason, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Conscience, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Honour, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Shame, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Love, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Hate, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Hope, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Fear, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Anger, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Joy, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Sorrow, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Pride, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Modesty, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Generosity, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Greed, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Envy, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Jealousy, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Ambition, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Laziness, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Industry, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Idleness, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Diligence, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Negligence, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Order, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Disorder, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Cleanliness, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Uncleanliness, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Sobriety, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Intemperance, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Temperance, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Impudence, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Modesty, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
The Evolution of the Human Shame, by H. S. GOSWAMI, F.R.S. 1  
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Little by little he was gaining a reading public under the guidance and recognition of Charles E. Hurd, then literary editor of the Boston Transcript.

Joseph Edgar Chamberlin writes an interesting account of the Middle Border expatriate as he knew him at the time.

He lifted up his voice freely in defense of certain theories and causes that were not popular in Boston. He was like Garrison--he would not equivocate or compromise or deny anything that he really believed in. He would not write anything that his heart was not in. When he was earning eight dollars a week, and sending a part of that to support his father and mother, whose crops on their claim in Dakota had for two years running been entirely eaten up by grasshoppers and chinch bugs, he refused to write anything for a newspaper that he was not willing to sign with his name, or write romantic love stories for a magazine. 'We have had enough of those lies', he said, in his sharp, high voice--and went off and dined on a dime. 12.

Speaking of other men who influenced his literary career, Garland writes:

I heard also (at Tremont temple and elsewhere) men like George William Curtis, Henry Ward Beecher, and Frederick Douglass, but greatest of all in a certain sense was the influence of Edwin Booth who taught me the greatness of Shakespeare and the glory of English speech. 13.

Speaking of a meeting with Walt Whitman, Garland writes:

He spoke of one of my stories to which Traubel had called his attention, and reproved me gently for not 'letting in the light'. It was a memorable meeting for me and I went away back to my work in Boston with a feeling that I had seen one of the very greatest literary personalities of the centuries, a notion I have had no cause to change in the twenty-seven years which have intervened. 14.

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12. Joseph Edgar Chamberlin's newspaper article, re-quoted in a dedicatory pamphlet, Hamlin Garland, (New York: The MacMillan Co., 1939), pp. 10-11

13. Garland; op. cit. pp. 328-9

14. Garland, Ibid. p. 409



At a later time Garland says:

Among all my letters of encouragement of this time [1891], not one, except perhaps that from Mr. Howells, meant more to me than a word which came from Walt Whitman, who hailed me as one of the literary pioneers of the west for whom he had been waiting. 15.

Undoubtedly, of all men, William Dean Howells was to prove the greatest single lasting influence upon Garland and his work. Known for his kindly, sympathetic council to young struggling writers, Howells was not, in the case of Hamlin Garland, to prove untrue to his reputation. Time and again Howells befriended his young friend, and later, when Garland was first publishing, the old Dean of American Letters came to his aid writing laudatory reviews and speaking words of praise for his work. Throughout his life, Howells continued to instruct, praise, and guide Garland in his literary career.

That Howells' influence was felt is not to be denied.

Garland writes of him:

Thereafter the gentle courtesy, the tact, the exquisite, yet simple English of this man [Howells] was my education. Every hour of his delicious humor, his wise advice, his ready sympathy sent me away in mingled exaltation and despair--despair of my own blunt and common diction, exaltation over his continued interest and friendship. 16.

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15. Garland; Ibid., p. 419

16. Garland, Ibid., p. 389





## CHAPTER IV

## LITERARY VIEWS

Hamlin Garland decided early in his career that the writing standards held up as patterns for young writers to follow were not conducive to honest creative genius and that until America attempted to redefine and reguide American art we would produce nothing of real worthy note.

It is interesting, in view of Henry James' The Art Of Fiction, 1884 and William Dean Howells' Criticism And Fiction published in 1892, to glance at Garland's critical contribution, Crumbling Idols. It is not simply that I should like to show wherein these men differed in literary perspectives, because at best the differences are of degree and not of kind; but I should like to list Garland's principal views, appraise or criticise certain of his demands for literature, and try to show wherein Garland succeeded and wherein he failed to measure up to his own demands.

Garland's first contention is that American literature, to be enduring and worthy, must be original and creative, not imitative.

Youth should be free from the dominion of the dead; therefore I defend the individual right of the modern creative mind to create in the image of life, and not in the image of any literary master, living or dead. 1.

1. Hamlin Garland, Crumbling Idols, (Chicago: Stone & Kimball, 1894), p. viii



Garland points out with some justification that American colleges and educational institutions seem to take all their "inspiration" from the past. He claims that it can almost be stated as a rule without an exception that in our colleges there is no chair of English literature which is not dominated by conservative criticism, and where sneering allusion to modern writers is not daily made. The pupil, argues Garland, is taught to worship the past, and is kept blind to the mighty literary movements of his own time. If he comes to understand Ibsen, Tolstoy, Bjornson, Howells, Whitman, he must do it outside his instruction.

This instruction is well meaning, but it is numbing to the faculties. It is essentially hopeless. It blinds the eyes of youth to the power and beauty of the life and literature around him. It worships the past, despises the present, and fears the future. Such teaching is profoundly pessimistic, because it sees literary ideals changing. It has not yet seen that metamorphosis is the law of all living things. It has not yet risen to the perception that the question for America to settle is not whether it can produce something greater than the past, but whether it shall produce something different from the past. Our task is not to imitate, but to create. 2.

This is substantially good criticism. Up until this period of literary revolt, America had been satisfied to look to old worn-out Europe, both for form and subject matter. As a nation we had not, it seems, thought ourselves fit subjects, or if we had it took a Whitman to drive the idea home and argue for an American tone of expression.

The critics that continually called the American youth to pattern after Addison or Scott or Dickens or





Shakespeare, disgusted Garland who pointed out that such idol-worship never produced anything better than blank verse absurdities written about Columbus and Washington.

Thus, the American youth is everywhere turned away from the very material which he could best handle, which he knows most about, and which he really loves most,-- material which would make him individual, and fill him with hope and energy. The Western poet and novelist is not taught to see the beauty and significance of life near at hand. He is rather blinded to it by his instruction.

He turns away from the marvelous changes which border-life subtends in its mighty rush toward civilization. He does not see the wealth of material which lies at his hand, in the mixture of races going on with inconceivable celerity everywhere in America, but with especial picturesqueness in the West. If he sees it, he has not the courage to write about it.

If; here and there, one has reached some such perception, he voices it timidly, with an apologetic look in his eyes. 3.

When Hamlin Garland tells the young American writer to look at the life around him and to write about that life, he gives him good advice; he should have followed such advice himself. In his own field, the Middle Border, Garland was the nonpareil; but when he found himself on the slopes of the Rockies, or when he tried his hand at romantic novels that had only a setting of fancy, Garland failed miserably.

In that first brilliant cycle of stories this downright pioneer worked with the material which of all materials he knew best and over which his imagination played most eagerly. From these, however, he turned to pleas for the single tax and to exposures of legislative corruption and imbecility about which he neither knew nor

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3. Garland, Ibid., pp. 11-12



cared so much as he knew and cared about the actual lives of working farmers. His imagination, whatever his zeal might do in these different surroundings, would not come to the old point of incandescence.

Instead, however, of diagnosing his case correctly, Mr. Garland followed the false light of local color to the Rocky Mountains and began the series of romantic narratives which further interrupted his true growth, and, gradually, his true fame. He who had grimly refused to lend his voice to the chorus chanting the popular legend of the frontier in which he had grown up and who had studied the deceptive picture not as a visitor but as a native, now became himself a visiting enthusiast for the "high trails" and let himself be roused by a fervor sufficiently like that from which he had earlier dissented. 4.

To his earlier work, Main-Traveled Roads, Prairie Folks, and Rose of Dutcher's Coolly, much praise must be given; and the first mentioned, a collection of Middle Border short stories, is almost a classic. Two stories of this group, "Among the Corn Rows" and "Under the Lion's Paw" are powerfully written and deserve the ranking merit that sets them in a class among America's best short stories.

Looking upon local color as the end--when it was more accurately the beginning--of fiction, Garland seems to have felt that he had exhausted his old community and needed to move on to fresher pastures. It was the error that proved tragic to his name and fame as a writer.

The novels of his middle period--such as Her Mountain Lover, The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop, Hester, The Light of the Star, Cavanagh, Forest Ranger--too frequently recur to the romantic theme of a love uniting some powerful, uneducated frontiersman and some girl from a politer neighborhood. Pioneer and lady are

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4. Carl Van Doren, Contemporary American Novelists-1900-1920, (New York: The MacMillan Co., 1922), p. 43





always almost the same pair in varying costumes; the stories harp upon the praise of plains and mountains and the scorn of cities and civilization. These romances, much value as they have as documents and will long continue to have, must be said to exhibit the frontier as self-conscious, obstreperous, given to insisting upon its difference from the rest of the world. In ordinary human intercourse such insistence eventually becomes tiresome; in literature no less than in life there is a time to remember local traits and a time to forget them in concerns more universal. 5

Garland was strong in his argument for new themes. He would have art as varied and diversified as life itself, and yet, though he acknowledged his debt to the past, he cried out against literary despotism.

Art, said Garland, according to the larger part of American critics, was something far away, and literary subjects needed to be select and very much civilized. And yet, he pointed out, for forty years an infinite drama has been going on in those wide spaces of the West--a drama that was as thrilling, as full of heart and hope and battle, as any that ever surrounded any man; a life that was unlike any ever seen on the earth, and which should have produced its characteristic literature, its native art chronicle.

"As for myself, I am overwhelmed by the majesty, the immensity, the infinite charm of the life that goes on around me. Themes are crying out to be written..." 6.

Garland is to be praised for "locating" American themes and demanding that these various themes--no matter

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5. Van Doren, Ibid., pp. 44-45

6. Garland, op. cit., p. 14



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from which side of the railroad track they might happen to come--be given authoritative literary recognition. Upon looking back at this period of American history we cannot help wondering why some man--some man destined to be great--did not see this great American drama in the making and write it for posterity. Garland tried to do so but was not wholly successful.

Frank Norris was such a man. Perhaps he did come closer than any other man to producing such an American epic. Mr. Lewisohn attempts to explain such failure partially when he says:

Stephen Crane and Frank Norris were quenched by tuberculosis, one at twenty-nine, the other at thirty-two; ...Those of this generation that survived lost force and fire and took to conventional story-telling, like Hamlin Garland and William Allen White or else they were from the beginning not strictly speaking creative personalities. 7.

Garland must have seen his own mistake of wandering afield, for he returned to his Middle Border material--the life he knew so well--and hit "pay dirt" in 1917 with his auto-biographically candid A Son of the Middle Border. The story won him immediate praise.

Mr. Carl Van Doren speaks aptly of Garland's work when he says:

What concerns of Mr. Garland's were universal became evident when he published A Son of the Middle Border. His enthusiasms might be romantic but his imagination was not; it was indissolubly married to his memory of actual events. The formulas of his mountain

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7. Ludwig Lewisohn, Expression In America, (New York: Harper & Bros., 1932), p. 317





romances, having been the inventions of a mind not essentially inventive, had been at best no more than sectional; the realities of his autobiography, taking him back again to Main-Traveled Roads and its cycle, were personal, lyrical, and consequently universal. All along, it now appeared, he had been at his best when he was most nearly autobiographical. 8.

Garland is hopelessly at sea and flounders miserably when he tries to prophesy the future of fiction.

The romancers did their work. It will never be done so well again, because all that follows their model will be imitative; theirs was the genuine romanticism.

The fiction of the future will not be romantic in any such sense as Scott or Hugo was romantic, because to do that would be to re-live the past, which is impossible; to imitate models, which is fatal. Reader and writer will both be wanting. The element of originality follows from the power of the element of sincerity...The fiction of the future must be original, and therefore self-regulative. 9.

Garland was very much confused in his criticism. He would have it that any romantic writer would necessarily be following a model. That is absurd. By his own definition, both Scott and Hugo were failures because they were certainly not our first romantic writers and therefore, according to Garland, they must have been imitative and to imitate is to fail. As an alternative to romanticism we have only realism--or veritism, as Garland would choose to call his own writing--and one cannot help wondering what opportunity the future holds for the so-called realist when we see (according to Garland's definition) that anyone "that follows their model will be imitative." 10.

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8. Van Doren, op. cit., p. 45

9. Garland, op. cit., pp. 48-49

10. Cf. ante





The whole absurdity lies in the last quoted statement. To follow a model is not necessarily imitative; certainly to write either romantically or realistically is not imitative, and Garland himself (whether he ever admits it) is certainly writing after the pattern of the romantic school in all his novels except the biographical novels and the short stories of the Middle Border region. This, I must hasten to add, is not a criticism; certainly romantic fiction has a place in all literature. At a later time, however, this study will show how these novels--his romantic novels--completely failed to measure up to the standard literary qualifications already established for the novel as an art form.

Mr. Garland was a rare combination of farmer, dreamer, idealist, critic, and reformer; and though he once said: "My reform notions were subordinate to my desire to take honors as a novelist,"<sup>11</sup> it does seem that the motives were almost equally strong and that his reforming tendencies somewhat weakened his power and purpose as a writer. He elucidates this view fully in Crumbling Idols.

The realist or veritist is really an optimist, a dreamer. He sees life in terms of what it might be, as well as in terms of what it is; but he writes of what is, and, at his best, suggests what is to be, by contrast....

He aims to hasten the age of beauty and peace by delineating the ugliness and warfare of the present; but ever the converse of his picture rises in the mind

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11. Hamlin Garland, A Son of the Middle Border, (New York: The MacMillan Co., 1922), p. 412



of the reader. He sighs for a lovelier life. He is tired of warfare and diseased sexualism, and Poverty, the mother of Envy. He is haggard with sympathetic hunger, and weary with the struggle to maintain his standing place on this planet, which he conceives was given to all as the abode of peace. With this hate in his heart and this ideal in his brain the modern man writes his stories of life. They are not always pleasant, but they are generally true, and always they provoke thought. 12,

So much for Garland's salient literary views. In the following chapters this study will show how these literary views influenced his work both with good and bad results, and how he wavered between romantic and realistic writing.

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12. Garland, op. cit., pp. 52-53





## CHAPTER V

## GARLAND, THE REALIST

Hamlin Garland's early work brought down a storm of protest from the shocked world. Here was a man who had dared to look life in the face and write what he had seen. His early stories, Main-Traveled Roads, Prairie Folks, and Rose of Dutcher's Coolly are almost brutal in frankness. Time and time again he turns to the prairie life for a story and when he writes, all the harsh, bitter, cruel, unjust wounds of suffering mankind are laid bare and awkward before the reader.

Garland justifies his realistic writing when he says:

Obscurely forming in my mind were two great literary concepts--that truth was a higher quality than beauty, and that to spread the reign of justice should everywhere be the design and intent of the realist. The merely beautiful in art seemed petty, and success at the cost of the happiness of others a monstrous egotism. 1.

The story, "Under the Lion's Paw" shows Garland at the height of indignation. Frankly, cruelly the story tells of a land-grabbing mortgagee who encourages a struggling tenant to stay and improve a farm only to have the price of the property raised hopelessly beyond his reach.

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1. Hamlin Garland, A Son of the Middle Border, (New York: The MacMillan Co., 1922), p. 374



THE  
HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON

The city of Boston, situated on a neck of land between the harbor and the bay, has been the seat of commerce and industry since the first settlement of the Puritans in 1630. It was the first city in America to have a city government, and it was the first to have a city council. The city has been the center of the New England movement, and it has been the seat of the American Revolution. It was the first city to have a city hall, and it was the first to have a city library. The city has been the seat of the American Revolution, and it has been the seat of the American Republic. It was the first city to have a city hall, and it was the first to have a city library. The city has been the seat of the American Revolution, and it has been the seat of the American Republic.

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"Oh, I won't be hard on yeh. But what did you expect to pay f'r the place?"

"Why, about what you offered it for before, two thousand five hundred, or possibly three thousand dollars," he added quickly, as he saw the owner shake his head.

"This farm is worth five thousand and five hundred dollars," said Butler, in a careless and decided voice.

"What!" almost shrieked the astounded Haskins. "What's that? Five thousand? Why, that's double what you offered it for three years ago."

"Of course, and it's worth it. It was all run down then; now it's in good shape. You've laid out fifteen hundred dollars in improvements, according to your own story."

"But you had nothin' t' do about that. It's my work an' my money."

"You bet it was; but it's my land."

"But what's to pay me for all my..."

"Ain't you had the use of 'em?" replied Butler, smiling calmly into his face. 2.

Happy in his own work, Garland bitterly resented the laws which created millionaires at the expense of the poor. Oddly enough some of his own Middle Border people resented Garland's realism. Critics called him a "bird willing to foul his own nest", and some went so far as to try to prove Garland a brilliant liar. Statistics brought forward at the time argued that "pianos and Brussels carpets adorned almost every Iowa farmhouse." 3.

But Garland was not dismayed nor chagrined at what the critics said of his realistic work. Some of his editors asked him to use the soft pedal and others rejected his work saying, "Give us charming love stories."

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2. Garland, Main-Traveled Roads, p. 214

3. Garland, A Son of the Middle Border, p. 415

THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST INDIES

FROM THE YEAR 1600 TO 1650

BY JOHN HARRISON

OF THE SOCIETY OF THE EAST INDIES

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON: Printed by J. HARRISON, at the

PRINTING OFFICE, in the Strand, 1700.

THE SECOND PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST INDIES

FROM THE YEAR 1650 TO 1700

BY JOHN HARRISON

OF THE SOCIETY OF THE EAST INDIES

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON: Printed by J. HARRISON, at the

PRINTING OFFICE, in the Strand, 1700.

THE THIRD PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST INDIES

FROM THE YEAR 1700 TO 1750

BY JOHN HARRISON

OF THE SOCIETY OF THE EAST INDIES

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON: Printed by J. HARRISON, at the

PRINTING OFFICE, in the Strand, 1700.

THE FOURTH PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST INDIES

FROM THE YEAR 1750 TO 1800

BY JOHN HARRISON

OF THE SOCIETY OF THE EAST INDIES

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON: Printed by J. HARRISON, at the

PRINTING OFFICE, in the Strand, 1700.

THE FIFTH PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST INDIES

FROM THE YEAR 1800 TO 1850

BY JOHN HARRISON

OF THE SOCIETY OF THE EAST INDIES

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON: Printed by J. HARRISON, at the

PRINTING OFFICE, in the Strand, 1700.



Garland refused answering: "No, we've had enough of lies."<sup>4</sup>.

His other stories, "A Branch Road", "Up The Coolly", "Among The Corn Rows", "The Return of a Private", "Lucretia Burns", are all of a similar nature--all great in the gripping power of their realism. As Fred Lewis Pattee notes: "His pictures grip the imagination like Zola's; they do not depress, they anger; they stir the blood, they call for action."<sup>5</sup>.

William Dean Howells, always a friend and Garland patron, and himself with Henry James a father to the school of realism, was always high in his praise of Garland's work. He writes upon one occasion:

And these stories are full of the bitter and burning dust, the foul and trampled sluch, of the common avenues of life, the life of the men who hopelessly and cheerlessly make the wealth that enriches the alien and the idler, and impoverishes the producer.

If any one is still at a loss to account for that uprising of the farmers in the West which is the translation of the Peasants' War into modern and republican terms, let him read Main-Traveled Roads, and he will begin to understand, unless, indeed, Mr. Garland is painting the exceptional rather than the average. The stories are full of those gaunt, grim, sordid, pathetic, ferocious figures, whom our satirists find so easy to caricature as Hayseeds, and whose blind groping for fairer conditions is so grotesque to the newspapers and so menacing to the politicians. They feel that something is wrong, and they know that the wrong is not theirs. The type caught in Mr. Garland's book is not pretty; it is ugly and often ridiculous; but it is heart-breaking in its rude despair.<sup>6</sup>

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4. Garland, Ibid., p. 376

5. Fred Lewis Pattee, Century Readings In American Literature, (New York: Appleton-Century Co. 1932), p. 992

6. William Dean Howells, Introduction to Main-Traveled Roads, p. 4





Occasionally we find a sort of burly, broad-shouldered humor of a fresh and native kind in Garland's stories. Typical would be certain passages of "Among The Corn Rows", and "Mrs. Ripley's Trip". In spite of his usual pervading note of despair, Garland is never wholly pessimistic and in one instance says: "Then, too, I admit youth and love are able to transform a bleak prairie town into a poem, and to make of a barbed-wire lane a highway of romance."<sup>7</sup>.

Garland's realism was naturally of the sordid sort because unlike Howells and James, who were bent upon depicting the social life of Beacon Hill on the one hand and the psychological and social infirmities of the "upper strata" on the other, Garland was forever facing the sterner, poorer aspects of life. He saw little or nothing of the so-called sweeter side of life.

Upon re-visiting his old Middle Border home, Garland writes:

At neighbor Gardner's home, I watched his bent complaining old wife housekeeping from dawn to dark, literally dying on her feet...Every house I visited had its individual message of sordid struggle and half-hidden despair...I perceived beautiful youth becoming bowed and bent. I saw lovely girlhood wasting away into thin and hopeless age. 8.

Garland was not trying to scare the world into action, nor was he trying to preach. "He never presented the sordid for its sordidness, but only for the tragedy that (9)

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<sup>7</sup>. Garland; Other Main-Traveled Roads, p. viii

<sup>8</sup>. Garland, A Son of the Middle Border, pp.363-4-5

<sup>9</sup>. William B. Cairns, A History of American Literature, (New York: Oxford University Press, 1939), p. 501



accompanied it; and he rarely wrote pure propaganda." He wrote life--life as he knew it. Later, when his work had become better known, he was to have several opportunities to carry his message straight to Washington, and he had the satisfaction of finding that the President of the United States was not too great a man to hear his call. President Roosevelt and Mr. Garland became close friends, and it is history that upon several occasions the President called Garland in for his advice concerning the life and problems of the Middle Border farmers.

The Middle Border rebel had gained his day; his truthful, realistic stories had brought the intellectually curious world to his door. Garland describes a meeting with the President:

They all held the notion that I understood these farmer folk well enough to reflect their secret antagonisms, which I certainly did. I recall getting pretty hot in my plea, but Roosevelt seemed rather proud of me as I warmly defended my former neighbor. The man on the rented farm who is raising corn at fifteen cents per bushel to pay interest on a mortgage is apt to be bitter, I argued. 10.

All of Hamlin Garland's earlier stories were drawn with the discerning pen of a realist. His Rose of Dutcher's Coolly set forth what was practically his own experience in its account of a heroine--not hero--who leaves her native farm to go first to a country college and then to Chicago to pursue a wider life, torn constantly between a passion

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10. Hamlin Garland, A Daughter of the Middle Border, (New York: The MacMillan Co., 1921), p. 56





for freedom and a loyalty to the father she must tragically desert.

In a sense A Son of the Middle Border supersedes the fictive versions of the same material; they are the original documents and the Son the final redaction and commentary. Veracious still, the son of that border appears no longer vexed as formerly. He has grown stronger as a writer, and, looking back on this life from a greater perspective, he becomes more kind, more sympathetic.

Memory, parent of art, has at once sweetened and enlarged the scene. What has been lost of pungent vividness has its compensation in a broader, a more philosophic interpretation of the old frontier, which in this record grows to epic meanings and dimensions. Its savage hardships, though minimized, take their due place in its powerful history; the defeat which the victims underwent cannot rob the victors of their many claims to glory.

Still the realist, Garland in A Son of the Middle Border is something more. There is more contentment, more rapture in his heart now, and this feeling is revealed in a subtle, winsome sincerity. Such hidden depth of feeling is largely responsible for the epic qualities of the book for here--as in Mark Twain's Life on the Mississippi--the epic proportions of truth lies in implication. The tale itself is a candid narrative of his own adventures through childhood, youth, and his first literary period.



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This autobiographic method of writing was Garland's strongest forte. He applied it with equal success in A Daughter of the Middle Border for which he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best biography of that year. Avowedly dealing with his own opinions and experiences, he is not tempted to enlarge or project them, as in the novels he does somewhat too frequently, into the careers of his heroes. Never a good imaginative writer, Garland is at his best when he deals chiefly with action, not with thought.

Here lies his best province and here appears his best art. It is an art, as he employs it, strikingly real and humane. His characters are not manipulated like so many puppets on a string; they are not skeletons jerked from a writer's chest of "characters on hand". They are warm and life-like. They have grace and fulness of life, and when they speak there is something more than light, imaginative conversation on their lips.

His is a story of a great life chronicle ripped fresh from the frontier life of American history. It is rich in descriptions of the beautiful as it is necessarily rich in stark tragedy. As literature it is difficult to overprize the documentary value of Garland's saga of the pioneers; and so also is it difficult to overpraise the sincerity and tenderness and beauty with which this saga was set down.



## CHAPTER VI

## GARLAND, THE ROMANTICIST

When Hamlin Garland turned from short stories and autobiographic writing to the novel as an art form, he not only turned from realism to romanticism but he also turned from success to failure.

He who had been so cautious, he who had warned other artists in his critical essays, Crumbling Idols not to go outside their fields in search of themes, had himself wandered far afield, and a survey of his work will show the penalty he paid. Like the pioneers who were always pushing toward new frontiers, Garland seems to have felt that he had exhausted his source of material, and, diagnosing his case incorrectly, followed the false light of local color to the Rocky Mountains and began his series of romantic narratives.

He who had grimly refused to lend his voice to the chorus of romantic interpreters of frontier life and he who had condemned those who studied life as a summer visitor, now became himself a visiting enthusiast for the "high trails" and let himself be roused by a fervor sufficiently like that from which he had earlier dissented.

It was Garland's great mistake. His first novel should have convinced him of his error. He was not equipped



# THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

The city of Boston, situated on a neck of land between the harbor and the bay, was first settled by a small number of Englishmen in 1630. It was then a remote and desolate spot, but its strategic position and fertile soil soon attracted a larger population. By 1680, it had become one of the most important cities in the New England colonies.

In 1703, a devastating fire destroyed much of the city, but it was rebuilt and emerged stronger than before. The city's growth continued, and by the mid-18th century, it was a major center of commerce and industry. The American Revolution began in Boston in 1773, and the city played a central role in the struggle for independence.

After the war, Boston remained a leading city in the United States. It was a center of education, with Harvard University and other prominent institutions. The city's economy diversified, and it became known for its shipbuilding, manufacturing, and trade. The Civil War era brought further challenges, but Boston emerged as a more modern and industrialized city.

In the late 19th and early 20th centuries, Boston experienced rapid growth and urbanization. The city's infrastructure improved, and it became a major hub for transportation and commerce. The city's population increased significantly, and it became one of the largest cities in the United States.

Today, Boston is a vibrant city with a rich history and a bright future. It is a center of education, research, and innovation, and it continues to play a leading role in the United States.

to construct stories, like so many air castles, out of imagination alone. He needed life to write from, and he needed real characters. As a novelist he allows his characters, plots, and formulas to fall into routine and repeat themselves over and over again to tiresome, boring lengths.

There is no purpose in dragging out this paper with citations and examples of crudity from each of Garland's several novels. I shall, however, discuss some of his better-known novels and mention a few of their inadequacies.

Cavanagh: Forest Ranger is a rather poor attempt to show the noble courage and honest zeal for outdoor life of a very ordinary forest ranger, Ross Cavanagh. The girl, Lee Virginia Wetherford, returns to the "rugged" West, after a ten years' "refining process" in the East, and discovers that she hates and abhors filth, flies, poor food, and hot weather. She and the hero very automatically jump through or over a series of conventional "hoops of difficulty" i.e. old man Weatherford "passes on", the villains are apprehended, and the hero and heroine decide (without much incentive) to string along as one.

The whole thing is one huge farce, though it doesn't intend to be. Nowhere, not for a single instant, are the depths of life probed. Garland continually harps upon outward manifestations of Western depravity and lets deeper, more significant things go untold. The following excerpt shows Garland to be quite typically sentimental.

With aching head and shaking knees Virginia re-entered the dining-room, which was now nearly empty of





its "guests", but was still misty with the steam of food, and swarming with flies. These pests buzzed like bees around the soiled places on the table-cloths, and one of her mother's first remarks was a fretful apology regarding her trials with those insects. 'Seems like you can't keep 'em out', she said.

Lee Virginia presented the appearance of some "settlement worker", some fair lady on a visit to the poor, as she took her seat at the table and gingerly opened the small moist napkin which the waiter dropped before her. Her appetite was gone. Her appetite failed at the very sight of the fried eggs and hot and sputtering bacon, and she turned hastily to her coffee. A fly was in that! She uttered a little choking cry, and buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed. 1.

Garland's Money Magic, like so many others of his novels, is sentimental and at times almost whining. Today it would be considered poor pulp fiction, and modern day readers would probably scoff at its melodrama. Captain Haney and Ben Fordyce are both shallow, mock-heroic characters who pursue the pretty maid, Bertha Gilman through three hundred pages of the story without once evidencing an individual or characteristic trait. All of Garland's people are low-class stock characters all ill conceived and poorly drawn as any found in the modern ten cent Western Story Magazine.

Possibly the worst thing about these novels--if anything utterly poor could be said to have a worst part--is the narrator's sentimental, weak style of writing. I offer the following excerpts as exemplary.

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1. Hamlin Garland, Cavanagh: Forest Ranger, (New York: Harper & Bros., 1910), pp. 14-15





At the time of this story trade was good at the Eagle for two reasons. Mrs. Gilman was both landlady and cook, and an excellent cook, and, what was still more alluring, Bertha, her pretty daughter, was day-clerk and general manager. Customers of the drummer type are very loyal to their hotels, and amazingly sensitive to female charm--therefore Bertha, who would have been called an attractive girl anywhere, was widely known and tenderly recalled by every brakeman on the line. She was tall and straight, with brown hair and big, candid, serious eyes--wistful when in repose, boyishly frank and direct as she stood behind her desk attending to business, or smiling as she sped her parting guests at the door. 2.

Garland was such a sentimentalist that he couldn't allow even his villain to be wholly bad. In speaking of Mart Haney, he says:

When at home and afar from her, he felt capable of seizing the girl--of carrying her back with him as the old-time savage won his bride; but when he looked into her clear, calm eyes his villainy, his resolution fell away from him. He found himself not merely a man of the nearer time, but a Catholic--in training at least--and the words he had planned to utter fell dead on his lips. Libertine though he was, there were lines over which even his lawlessness could not break.

He was a desperate character--a man of violence--and none too delicate in his life among women; but away back in his boyhood his good Irish mother had taught him to fight fair and to protect the younger and weaker children, and this training led to the most curious and unexpected acts in his business as a gambler. 3.

Even at his best, it is hard to call Hamlin Garland a novelist. Somehow it seems like taking unfair advantage of the word. The novel is perhaps America's greatest single art form, and, considering it strictly on its literary merits, it must reach a certain standard of perfection else

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2. Hamlin Garland, Money Magic, (New York: Harper & Bros., 1907), p.2

3. Garland, Ibid., pp. 6-7





it has not only no right to "live" but also no right to be called a novel. Perhaps we need two words: one word, novel, which we can call that form which reaches a certain literary standard, and another word which we may attach to all those various and sundry "novel-like" creations which, at best, are only fourth-rank, distant cousins to the novel as an art form. It is not my aim nor the purpose of this study to christen such a piece of work--that can be left to the critics--but suffice it to say that were there such a name, were there such an adequate term that would brand such fourth-class, novel-like stuff, Garland's entire work, with the exception of his poetry, his Middle Border stories, his psychic research, and his life of Grant, would be catalogued under that phylum.

Garland's The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop is perhaps his best romantic novel, and it is far from being good. It is the story of Captain Curtis' mock-heroic exploits against the cattlemen's mob violence and their persecution of the American Indian. Here again a "polished" Eastern girl is on the scene guised as an amateur artist. She is made to seem out of place and out of sympathy with the West and ridicules the Captain's claim that the Indian as a man has a right to life and happiness. The best that can be said for the book is that it manages to hold the modern reader's interest--in places

The book had a prosperous sale and Garland was elated. Speaking of the novel, Garland said:



The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the smell of fresh air. It was a relief after being stuck in traffic for hours. I walked towards the park, feeling a sense of freedom. The children were playing happily, and the sound of their laughter filled the air. I watched them for a while, feeling a pang of nostalgia. I remembered how carefree I was when I was a child. I had been so busy with work and life that I had forgotten to enjoy the simple things. I took a deep breath and decided to join them. I ran towards them, feeling the wind on my face. I was back to being a child again, at least for a moment.

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Whatever it had started out to be, it had ended as a fictional study of the red man in his attempt to walk the white man's road, and as a concept of his tragic outlook I still think it worth while...

My reviewers quite generally accepted the novel as a truthful presentation of life on an Indian reservation in the nineties. Furthermore my sympathetic interpretation of the Army's attitude toward the red men caused the story to be quite generally commended by the officers. This surprised and delighted me, but I was especially gratified by Roosevelt's hearty praise of it. 'It is your best work so far', he wrote me, 'and I am in full sympathy with your position...In your study of the Indian's case you have discovered the fact that the borderer is often the aggressor and sometimes the thief.' 4.

So much for Garland's and Roosevelt's critical praise of the novel--neither the author nor the Presidential "Rough Rider" were competent critics.

Garland was never without material for his writing; in fact he always had more than he could ably handle. He knew the American Indian and his life, knew it perhaps as well as any living man of his day and certainly better than any other writer of that day and much better than Zane Gray of a later day. His work, The Book of the American Indian is splendid testimonial of this fact. But if he knew Indian life, that was no assurance that he could write a good novel based on Indian lore. He should have been able to, but he was not. He was qualified, in some ways to write one of America's greatest novels--a novel on the American Indian. The book still remains to be written.

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4. Hamlin Garland, A Daughter of the Middle Border, (New York: The MacMillan Co., 1921), pp. 242-245





Hamlin Garland had another field of interest and he knew his subject thoroughly--the phenomena of psychic and mystic science. His book, Forty Years of Psychic Research represents one of the very few scientific, laboratory studies made in this field of study. He ably records definite, planned experiments of interest, and his research justifiably places this book on any psychic reference shelf.

However, again with a great command of material at his finger tips, Garland fails to turn his knowledge to commendable service when he draws upon it for a novel. His The Tyranny of the Dark, while convincingly good as a description of the "sittings" and seances, and while it reaches high climactic suspense; it fails miserably in its complete purpose which was to have been, as Garland says:

...a novel which should depict the life of a girl, condemned against her will to be a spiritualistic medium,--forced by her parents to serve as a 'connecting wire between the world of matter and the world of spirit.'

This theme, which lay outside my plan to depict the West, had long demanded to be written, and I now set about it with vigor. As a matter of fact, I knew a great deal about mediums, for at one time I had been a member of the Council of the American Psychical Society, and as a special committee on slate writing and other psychical phenomena had conducted many experiments. I had in my mind (and in my notebooks) a mass of material which formed the background of my story, The Tyranny of the Dark. 5.

With its many faults, however, this novel would perhaps come close to satisfying the average, modern-day reader's tastes. This, to be sure, is not saying a great

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5. Garland, Ibid., pp. 297-8



My dear Mr. [Name],  
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am  
glad to hear that you are well. I am  
at present in the city and am  
very busy with my work. I will  
write you again soon. I am  
very truly yours,  
[Signature]

I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am  
glad to hear that you are well. I am  
at present in the city and am  
very busy with my work. I will  
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at present in the city and am  
very busy with my work. I will  
write you again soon. I am  
very truly yours,  
[Signature]

deal for the work as a piece of literature.

As a romantic writer, Garland failed to produce even a single novel that could favorably compare with his realistic work. Transplanted to a foreign soil, Garland was unable to become a part of that new life and thus his stories lacked the compelling truth, the earnest sincerity, the powerful tone of writing that makes fiction meaningful and enduring.

In these romantic tales, it is true, something of the old tragic element is "introduced" into the lives of the characters, but therein lies the chief reason for Garland's failure--tragedy was introduced into those lives quite mechanically by the author. It was not allowed to develop and grow as a natural force in society, or as a natural, if ugly, trait in man's personality. Thus, in all Garland's romantic novels, the reader is always conscious that the author, like an off-stage prop-man, is pulling the proper wires and strings that make his puppet characters dance through the acts of life. The tragedy of fiction, to ring true, must, like the tragedy of life, develop from within--not from without--the plane of being. Garland failed to realize this.

As I have mentioned, Garland also failed because his romantically-conceived characters were poorly drawn. They had none of the flesh of life that his Middle Border characters had.

OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER: 535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Subscription price, Five Dollars per Annum in Advance.

Single Copies, Fifteen Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, May 2, 1912, Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under No. 102,362.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on May 1, 1919.

Postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices.

Copyright, 1919, by American Medical Association.

Printed at the American Medical Association Press, 535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Published by the American Medical Association, 535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Editorial and Business Communications to 535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Subscription orders, notices of change of address, and notices of discontinuance, to the

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Published by the American Medical Association, 535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Editorial and Business Communications to 535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Subscription orders, notices of change of address, and notices of discontinuance, to the

Business Manager, American Medical Association, 535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Also, as a romantic writer, Garland failed to be concerned with any other than the surface problems and hardships of life. He never became sufficiently engrossed in the deeper tragedies of heart, mind, and soul to rile his earlier feelings of indignation, and all his romantic literature suffered accordingly.





## CHAPTER VII

## GARLAND, THE POET

Critics have not dealt fairly with Garland as a poet. Although he published only one book of verse and a few other poems separately printed at different times, what he did write was, for the most part, worth reading, and yet today Hamlin Garland is almost unknown as a poet.

Modern anthologies are alike in that they all mention Garland's Middle Border biographic novels, say a few words about his realism, use one or two of his morbid short stories, and neglect even to mention the fact that Garland wrote poetry. This may be partially explained, though not justifiably, when we realize that with the exception of a few Boston critics, the public of his own day did not read or come to know Garland's verse.

His Prairie Songs, published in 1893, was favorably received by the critics, and Howells and James were especially laudatory. However, it would seem that, for the most part, people did not care about what a Western poet would have to say. They had a right to be skeptical; the West had produced no poets up to this time outside of James Whitcomb Riley, and his work was scarcely known.

Some of Garland's poetry, nevertheless, deserves to be brought to light and re-evaluated. Some of his poems

## THE HISTORY

### OF THE

REIGN OF THE GREAT MONARCH

OF THE ISLAND OF GREAT BRITAIN

IN THE SEVENTH CENTURY

OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA

BY THE REV. J. H. W. L.

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

FROM THE BEGINNING

TO THE DEATH OF THE GREAT MONARCH

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

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TO THE PRESENT TIME

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are here offered to bear their own testimonial.

### "Prairie Memories"

Wide cloud-peopled summer-sky;  
Sea-drifting grasses, rustling reeds,  
Where young grouse to their mothers cry,  
And locusts pipe from whistling weeds;  
Broad meadows lying like lagoons  
Of sunniest waters, on whose swells  
Float nodding blooms to tinkling bells  
Of bob-o-linkum's wildest tunes;

Far west-winds bringing odors, fresh  
From mountains clothed as monarchs are  
In royal robes of ice and snow,  
Where storms are bred in thunder-jar;  
Land of corn, and wheat and kine,  
Where plenty fills the land of him  
Who tills the soil or prunes the vine  
Or digs in thy far canons dim-

My Western land, I love thee yet!  
In dreams I ride my horse again  
And breast the breezes blowing fleet  
From out the meadows cool and wet.  
From fields of flowers blowing sweet,  
And flinging perfume to the breeze.  
The wild oats swirl along the plain;  
I feel their dash against my knees,  
Like rapid plash of running seas.

I pass by islands, dark and tall,  
Of slender poplars thick with leaves;  
The grass in rustling ripple, cleaves  
To left and right in emerald flow;  
And as I listen, riding slow,  
Out breaks the wild bird's jocund call.

Oh; shining suns of boyhood's time!  
Oh, winds that from the mythic west  
Sang calls to Eldorado's quest!  
Oh, swaying wild bird's thrilling chime!  
When the loud city's clanging roar  
Wraps in my soul as if in shrouds  
I hear those sounds and songs once more,  
And dream of boyhood's wind-swept clouds.





### "Indian Summer"

At last there came  
 The sudden fall of frost,  
     When time  
 Dreaming through russet September days  
 Suddenly awoke, and lifting his head, strode  
 Swiftly forward--made one vast desolating sweep  
 Of his scythe, then, rapt with the glory  
 That burned under his feet, fell dreaming again.  
 And the clouds soared and the crickets sang  
 In the brief heat of noon; the corn,  
 So green, grew sere and dry--  
     And in the mist the ploughman's team  
     Moved silently, as if in dream--  
 And it was Indian summer on the plain.

### "Color In The Wheat"

Like liquid gold the wheat field lies,  
 A marvel of yellow and green,  
 That ripples and runs, that floats and flies,  
 With the subtle shadows, the change--the sheen  
 That plays in the golden hair of a girl.  
     A cloud flies there--  
     A ripple of amber--a flare  
     Of light follows after. A swirl  
 In the hollows like the twinkling feet  
 Of a fairy waltzer, the colors run  
     To the western sun,  
 Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.  
 I hear the reapers' far-off hum,  
 So faint and far, it seems to come  
 From far-off, fragrant, fruity zone,  
     A land of plenty, where,  
     Toward the sun, as hasting there  
     The colors run before the wind's feet  
     In the wheat.  
 The wild hawk swoops  
     To his prey in the deeps;  
     The sun-flower droops  
     To the lazy wave; the wind sleeps--  
 Then running in dazzling links and loops  
     A marvel of shadow and shine,  
 A glory of olive and amber and wine  
     Runs the color in the wheat.



### "At Dusk"

Indolent I lie  
    Beneath the sky  
Thick-sown with clouds that soar and float  
    Like stately swans upon the air,  
And in the hush of dusk I hear  
The ring-dove's plaintive liquid note  
    Sound faintly as a prayer.

Against the yellow sky  
The grazing kine stalk slowly by;  
Like wings that spread and float and flee  
The clouds are drifting over me.  
    The couching cattle sigh,  
And from the meadow damp and dark  
I hear the piping of the lark;  
While falling night-hawks scream and boom,  
Like rockets through the rising gloom,  
And katydids with pauseless chime  
Bear on the far frogs' ringing rhyme.

### "A River Gorge"

A savage, ragged throat of red  
And splintered rocks, through which a dim stream  
    flows,  
So far beneath, its foam becomes a thread  
Of melted silver, poured amid the rose  
And orange-tinted lichen-spotted walls.

Across this awful chasm, a jay  
Flies dauntlessly, with a ringing cry.  
The shuddering soul goes with him on his way,  
Made sick with horror, while the high  
Cliffs echo with his fearless calls.





### Horses Chawin' Hay

I tell yeh whut! The chankin'  
Which the tired horses makes  
When you've slipped the harness off'm  
An' shoved the hay in flakes  
From the hay-mow overhead,  
Is jest about the equal of any piany;  
'They's nothin' soun'ss' cumftabul  
As horses chawin' hay.

I lovet' hear 'em chankin',  
Jest a-grindin' slow and low,  
With their snoots a-rootin' clover  
Deep as their ol' heads 'll go.  
It's kind o' sort o' restin'  
To a feller's bones, I say.  
It soun'ss' mighty cumftabul--  
The horsus chawin' hay.

Gra-onk, gra-onk, gra-onk!  
In a stiddy kind o' tone,  
Not a tail a-waggin' to 'um,  
N'r another sound 'r groan--  
Fer the flies is gone a-snoozin',  
Then I loaf around an' watch 'em  
In a sleepy kind o' way  
F'r they soun' so mighty cumftabul  
As they rewt and chaw their hay.

An' it sets me thinkin' sober  
Of the days of '53  
When we pioneered the prairies--  
M' wife an' dad an' me,  
In a dummed ol' prairie schooner,  
In a rough-an'-tumble way,  
Sleepin' out at nights, to music  
Of the horses chawin' hay.

Or I'm thinkin' of my comrads  
In the fall of '63,  
When I rode with ol' Kilpatrick  
Through on'through ol' Tennessee.  
I'm a-layin' in m' blanket  
With my head agin a stone,  
Gazin' upwards towards the North Star--  
Billy Sykes and Davy Sloan  
A-snorin' in a buck-saw kind o' way,  
An' me a-layin', listenin'  
To the horses chawin' hay.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF  
HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY  
CHARLES THE FIRST  
BY  
JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES.  
THE SECOND VOLUME.  
LONDON,  
Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, near St. Dunstons Church, in the County of Middlesex.  
1679.

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THE HISTORY OF THE  
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HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY  
CHARLES THE FIRST  
BY  
JOHN BURNET

It strikes me turrible cur'ous  
That a little noise like that,  
Can float a feller backwards  
Like the droppin' of a hat;  
An' start his throat a-achin',  
Make his eyes wink that a-way--  
They ain't no sound that gits me  
Like horses chawin' hay!

### Then It's Spring

When the hens begin a-squakin'  
An a-rollin' in the dust;  
When the rooster takes to talkin'  
An a-crowin' fit to bust;  
When the crows are cawin', floskin'  
An the chickuns boom and sing,  
Then it's Spring!

When the roads are jest one mud-hole  
And the worter tricklin' round,  
Makes the barn-yard like a puddle,  
An softens up the ground  
Till y'r ankle-deep in worter,  
Sayin' words y'r hadn't orter--  
When the jay-birds swear an' sing  
Then it's Spring!



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"A Town Of The Plain"

A shadeless clump of yellow blocks,  
It stands upon the sod, ringed  
With level lands and draped in mist,  
Wavering in air so dry, it seems  
The very clouds might burn.

A mighty wind roars from the south,  
Silencing all other tumult. Its wings  
Horizon-wide, welters the grass  
And tears the dust and stubble;  
And yet the mist remains. Beneath  
The wind, flat to earth, teams crawl  
Like beetles seeking shelter.

In the glimmering offing  
Ricks of grain stand like walls  
Of scattered Spanish huts, and like  
The easy magic of dreams  
Lakes of gray-blue water, bloom  
On the hot palpitant, plain,  
So sweet and fair, the heart  
Aches with longing deep as grief.

They mock the eyes a moment  
And are gone--and under the wind  
The teams crawl on blind with dust,  
And faint with thirst.-<sup>1</sup>.

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1. All poems are taken from Hamlin Garland's  
Prairie Songs, (Cambridge: Stone and Kimball, 1893)

# THEORY OF THE EARTH

The theory of the earth is a branch of geology which deals with the origin and development of the earth and its various parts. It is a science which seeks to explain the processes which have shaped the earth and its features. The theory of the earth is based on the study of the earth's structure and the forces which have acted upon it. It is a science which is constantly developing and changing as new discoveries are made and new theories are proposed. The theory of the earth is a branch of geology which deals with the origin and development of the earth and its various parts. It is a science which seeks to explain the processes which have shaped the earth and its features. The theory of the earth is based on the study of the earth's structure and the forces which have acted upon it. It is a science which is constantly developing and changing as new discoveries are made and new theories are proposed.

A strict critical appraisal of Garland's verse would probably deny it any right to live; however, by reason of its very homespun crudeness and the fact that it treats solely of the frank, honest, toiling American farmer and somehow preserves him in his memorable conquest of the last frontier, this poetry may yet be reclaimed.

It is easy to find fault with the verse. It is slightly reminiscent of Longfellow's jingles at their worst, the rhyme is often awkward, the metre sometimes irregular, and, what is worse, it is very limited in ideological content. However, the verse is good as a truthful treatment of life, and has a certain neighborliness and casual treatment that simulates James Whitcomb Riley's barnyard poetry. His poem, "Horses Chawin' Hay" is a good example to take for comparison.

Then too, Garland's verse has several fresh images that come almost as a surprise to the reader. His two poems, "Color in the Wheat" and "Prairie Memories" make noticeable use of imagery, and the first named poem has a certain pleasant internal rhyme.

All of Garland's verse is realistic, but, unlike much of his prose, the keynote is not resentment or morbid despair. He is rarely a bitter poet. If he allows himself, as he does in "A Town Of The Plain", to paint a graphic picture of reality, he never pictures absolute defeat in life, nor does he ever once try to point out a moral or crowd the lines





with social or political propoganda.

Garland was a young man when he wrote these poems. It is perhaps difficult to explain why there is less of the rebellious nature of the man shown in his poetry, especially when, at this very time, he was writing some of his most morbidly brutal prose stories.

"A Town Of The Plain", while it suffers under the sweltering summer sun, it is not a cruelly suffering town. The mirage of gray-blue water that appears on the hot pitant plain adds a realistic note to the song.

They mock the eyes a moment  
And are gone--and under the wind  
The teams crawl on blind with dust,  
And faint with thirst.

It is true that the poem ends with a certain feeling of disappointment--the disappointment that a mirage has many times brought to the expectant eyes of a prairie traveler--but there is no sense of futility or despair in the picture.

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## CHAPTER VIII

## MISCELLANEOUS WRITING

Hamlin Garland's literary career has been long and fruitful, and his wide travel and many interests are factors that have combined to furnish him with many experiences and a wealth of potential writing material. That he has drawn from this full life of travel, research, study, and exploration is conclusively recognized by those who have sampled his wide field of miscellaneous writing.

It is highly possible that Garland would have proved a greater literary force had he pursued one field of interest and tried to perfect his style in one--or at best two--literary art forms. Garland, however, seems never to have consciously directed his interests nor purposely sought to express himself "artistically." If his work lacks prudent, careful attention to detail and seems at times exemplary of mis-directed talent, it is in every instance, nevertheless, a contribution to man's general knowledge or an historical contribution.

Garland's Ulysses S. Grant: His Life and Character, is such a book. This is an excellent biography; decidedly it was one of the very best biographies written at this date (1898), and it remains today perhaps the best single volume life of Grant. Garland says of this work:





In order that I might secure the fullest understanding of my subject, I have visited every town where in Ulysses Grant lived long enough to leave a distinct impression upon its citizens. This search for first-hand material took me at the start to southern Ohio, to Georgetown, his boyhood home, and to Ripley, and to Maysville, Kentucky, where he attended school in his youth. I also studied the records on file in the adjutant's office at West Point, and the newspaper files in Washington, St. Louis, New York, Cincinnati, Detroit, etc.....

The plan of the volume, in brief, is this: The first chapters take up the development of Ulysses Grant from his birth to his appointment at West Point, presenting whatever seems significant of his life at the Military Academy; then passes to his experience in the Mexican War, which formed his postgraduate course, and was his first introduction to national questions and to military intrigues. I then study his period of failure in civil life, presenting him as nearly as possible as he appeared at that time to his family and to his friends, after it seemed that his career as a soldier had ended. I purposely exclude all forecast and all prophecy. <sup>1</sup>

Although it is true, the biography does not have the life and human interest that tends to make the modern day biography fascinating reading and a best seller among books, it is, nevertheless, an exhaustive and accurate historical contribution--a remarkable and dramatic study of Grant and the Civil War period.

William Dean Howells, in a personal letter to Garland writes of it:

I have read both the Grant papers with the greatest interest. They are fresh and strong, like everything you do, and they are so simple and direct that I should think they would take hold of the popular heart

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<sup>1</sup> Hamlin Garland, Preface to, Ulysses S. Grant: His Life and Character, (New York: Doubleday & McClure Co., 1898)



with a good grip. If the papers have been cut, that accounts for a certain roughness and abruptness that troubles me. You have got some newspaper diction on your pen point, and you must shake it out. You are so good that you can afford to say things with the distinction they deserve from the best. Here and there a word, a phrase, jarred on me. Be plain as you please; there is nothing better than homespun; but the clothing-store is no place for your thoughts to dress themselves.

The Grant stuff is mighty good, and you give the effect of original sources in it. I shall look eagerly for the Mexican War part..... 2.

Throughout Hamlin Garland's long literary career-- incidentally a career not yet terminated--he has come into personal contact with almost every one of the prominent authors, dramatists and artists of the past fifty years in America and England. His encounters with them have been faithfully recorded in diaries which have gradually filled many volumes. Because through these records he could give such intimate portrayals of the men and women who represented and vitalized literature and art during the five past decades, he was persuaded to prepare a series of volumes which would preserve the portraits and contemporary critical opinion. The first of these, Roadside Meetings<sup>3</sup>, came in 1930, and is a veritable literary and cultural history of America from 1880 to 1900. A genial charm and delightful humor pervade the book which includes a letter and conversations with such notables as Walt Whitman, James Whitcomb

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2. Mildred Howells, Ed., Life in Letters of William Dean Howells, (New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Vol. II, 1928, pp. 73-74)

3. Hamlin Garland, Roadside Meetings, (New York: The MacMillan Co., 1930)





Riley, Stephen Crane, John Burroughs, Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, James Barrie and numerous others. Out of this book arises a fairly authentic and intelligent picture of American life and literature as it existed in the last quarter of the century.

It was followed in 1931, by Companions on the Trail,<sup>4</sup> which brought the record of Garland's literary career up to 1915. Again in this book many eminent figures of the period are met. He tells of the passing of those who carried on the spirit of the nineteenth century, and those who were ushering in the twentieth. Stedman, Gilder, Burroughs, Matthews, Aldrich, Twain, Fuller and their generation, on the one hand; Tarkington, White, McCutcheon and a score or more on the other.

In November, 1932, came the third volume of his reminiscences--My Friendly Contemporaries.<sup>5</sup> This takes us along the literary trails up through 1922. Old friends such as Irving Bacheller, Theodore Roosevelt, John Burroughs of course appear, but many new figures are encountered in this record, among them Mark Sullivan, Robert Frost, Percy MacKaye, Carl Van Doren, Lord Dunsany, John Masefield, A.A. Milne, and Joseph Conrad. Delightful accounts of luncheons,

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4. Hamlin Garland, Companions on the Trail, (New York: The MacMillan Co., 1931)

5. Hamlin Garland, My Friendly Contemporaries, (New York: The MacMillan Co., 1932)

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dinners and literary meetings in America and England are given as well as enlightening comments on the books and literary work of the period.

The fourth volume of Hamlin Garland's literary log, Afternoon Neighbors<sup>6</sup>, was published in 1934. This covers the decade 1922-1932 and contains a rich store of anecdotes and judgments concerning innumerable noted personalities, living and dead. In addition, Mr. Garland discusses the trends in American life from the viewpoint of an idealist and conservative who has watched the main currents of American thought and expression for over fifty years.

There is no question of the historical value of these books. They are significant as impressionistic observations of American and English men of letters, and together with the Middle Border books they form a splendid part of America's literary heritage. However, judged strictly on a critical basis, the books have little or no literary importance. His style is rambling and even awkward at times; but, what is worse, there is a certain whining note of complaint--the complaint of an old man--that pervades the entire work. It is unfortunate that Garland could not look back, as William Dean Howells had been able to, and write with the charm and grace and humor that a rich full life might expectantly provide a literary man.

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6. Hamlin Garland, Afternoon Neighbors, (New York: The MacMillan Co., 1934)



The first of these is the fact that the  
the second is the fact that the  
the third is the fact that the

the fourth is the fact that the  
the fifth is the fact that the  
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Of the many critical reviews of Garland's "Literary Logs", the one that perhaps most fairly appraises his characteristic writing is The Christian Science Monitor's review of Afternoon Neighbors.

What detracts from one's enjoyment is his pessimism and his constant looking to the past as the vanished source of all that's worth while. Decisive blue-penciling of such complaints would add to the charm of this book, even if it sacrificed something in faithful representation of his own character. He could to advantage spare his reader that particular trait. 7.

Garland was again turning to good use the scientific study and experience of a full life when in 1936 he surprised the literary world by publishing Forty Years of Psychic Research, a fascinating, chronological record of his long investigations of spiritualistic phenomena. A plain narrative of fact, it can lay no claim to literary merit, but it adequately describes his many experiments to secure evidence of psychic power. It is really extraordinarily interesting as a scientific account of inexplicable phenomena.

Henry James, upon reading Garland's Shadow World, an earlier and less comprehensive study, said:

I have read your book from cover to cover and find it valuable. Whatever the interpretation of these phenomena may be, no well-informed person can doubt their existence. I envy you your wide experience. You have been more fortunate than I. 8.

Although Garland persistently claims that he does not

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7. The Christian Science Monitor, p. 11, Dec. 12, 1934.

8. Henry James' letter to Garland found in Companions on the Trail, (New York: The MacMillan Co., 1931), pp. 390-91.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to the study of the

properties of the function  $f(x)$  defined by the equation

$f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$  for  $x \in [0, 1]$ .

It is shown that  $f(x)$  is a continuous function on  $[0, 1]$ .

2. In the second part, we consider the function  $g(x)$  defined by

$g(x) = \int_0^x g(t) dt$  for  $x \in [0, 1]$ .

It is shown that  $g(x)$  is a continuous function on  $[0, 1]$ .

3. In the third part, we consider the function  $h(x)$  defined by

$h(x) = \int_0^x h(t) dt$  for  $x \in [0, 1]$ .

It is shown that  $h(x)$  is a continuous function on  $[0, 1]$ .

4. In the fourth part, we consider the function  $k(x)$  defined by

$k(x) = \int_0^x k(t) dt$  for  $x \in [0, 1]$ .

It is shown that  $k(x)$  is a continuous function on  $[0, 1]$ .

5. In the fifth part, we consider the function  $l(x)$  defined by

$l(x) = \int_0^x l(t) dt$  for  $x \in [0, 1]$ .

It is shown that  $l(x)$  is a continuous function on  $[0, 1]$ .

6. In the sixth part, we consider the function  $m(x)$  defined by

$m(x) = \int_0^x m(t) dt$  for  $x \in [0, 1]$ .

It is shown that  $m(x)$  is a continuous function on  $[0, 1]$ .

7. In the seventh part, we consider the function  $n(x)$  defined by

$n(x) = \int_0^x n(t) dt$  for  $x \in [0, 1]$ .

It is shown that  $n(x)$  is a continuous function on  $[0, 1]$ .

8. In the eighth part, we consider the function  $o(x)$  defined by

$o(x) = \int_0^x o(t) dt$  for  $x \in [0, 1]$ .

It is shown that  $o(x)$  is a continuous function on  $[0, 1]$ .

believe psychic phenomena have any basis in fact, he, nevertheless, makes little or no attempt to explain his findings on a scientific basis. The very fact that he has spent forty years in psychic research indicates that he must have had some faith in spiritualism, and, in spite of his own statements to the contrary, he appears to be more credulous than skeptical. In his three books, Shadow World, The Tyranny of the Dark and Forty Years of Psychic Research, Garland never outwardly defends spiritualism, but is rather undecided. Critics have quite justifiably pointed out that this indecision has confused the reader and minimized the importance of the work as a serious contribution to psychic study.

Following are some observations quoted from Garland's last book on psychic research.

Henry B. Fuller, the man to whom I now turned for help in recording these amazing manifestations, was not only a keenly observant novelist, but a man of cool, sceptical, and alert judgment. He had read widely in records of psychic research but had never witnessed any of its phenomena....

Mrs. Hartley received Fuller pleasantly and thanked him for coming. 'Mr. Garland and I are not musicians', she explained. 'We need your help in recording the music which Mr. Garland's friend (Mac Dowell, then dead) insists on giving us'.

This was the most marvellous sitting of all.... The psychic put powdered slate pencil between the leaves of one of my newly purchased book-slates and said, 'We will try first for a picture'.

The 'picture' which came on the slate under my hands and without contact by the psychic, was an outline drawing of a girl's head with the words 'Sister Jessie'. So far as I am aware, neither Fuller nor the psychic knew that I had a sister--long ago dead--whose name was Jessie.

On its physical sides this was literally stunning.





The method was supernormal and the writing of the name metapsychical.

Fuller then tried and got a message on the slate while it was under his foot; a message which came, he declared, from a Colonial New England ancestor--a man his family had almost wholly forgotten.....

The whispers now began to be heard. They appeared to come from the air just above the psychic's head and a little to her right....I could detect no movement of the psychic's lips or throat. However, ventriloquism does not account for the writing under Fuller's foot...9.

The foregone excerpt describes one of the many experiments made. Here, as in several other instances, Garland brought a friend along to take part in the seance. It is regrettable that the author did not, save in few cases, cite the opinions and interpretations of his visiting colleagues. Many of Garland's friends were prominent literary figures and not a few of them, on different occasions, collaborated with him in his investigations of psychic study. Had Garland presented their views and interpretations, he would have added greatly to the reliability of conclusions and, at the same time, produced a more interesting and readable book.

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\* Author's underlined words.

9. Hamlin Garland, Forty Years of Psychic Research, (New York: The MacMillan Co., 1936), pp. 213 et sqq.



## CHAPTER IX

## CONCLUSION

It is hard to make a literary appraisal of Hamlin Garland's work. A man whose chief preoccupation was with life instead of literature should perhaps be measured and appraised with something other than a literary yardstick. If future America is content to judge all American literature strictly on its literary merit, if future critics are chiefly concerned with applying "artistic standards" to all our foregone literature, then much of it will die and Hamlin Garland's work will undoubtedly have an early mortality. If, however, the future somehow continues to be concerned with the past, if America continues to be interested in her own national history: the last march of the pioneer, the Indian's last stand, the conquering of the last frontier, the rise of agrarian America, and the rebellion of the Middle Border, then the literature that told this story will live and Hamlin Garland's name will remain secure in the file of American Men of Letters.

Garland has been true to the Western life. He has done for it what Hardy has done for Wessex--Hardy, that other man of tragedies. Garland has not, however, created great characters, as Hardy has done. He has described great





scenes. He has made his people live in an environment that we can see, if anything, more vividly than we can see the cottages and the moors of Wessex. But no Jude, no Tess stands out from his pages immortally. Garland's people are as real as flesh and blood, but they are commonplace people, just as he found them. All except some great Indians. The lives of the white people in his stories, the environment in which they struggled and aspired and loved, and more than the people themselves. He is a great reporter, a good painter. Somehow Garland has seen them all as sad, dull, broken people. This is the reason, perhaps, why the personalities in his autobiographical books, those sincere and vivid memoirs of himself and his family, A Son of the Middle Border, and A Daughter of the Middle Border are more vivid, more outstanding than the characters in his fiction, and are sure to live longer. He has made an enduring figure of his simple, stalwart, patient father, Richard Garland--Maine Yankee and Western pioneer, hard working upbuilder of farms and townships and counties, restless mover-on to new scenes of toilsome usefulness, poet at heart, but content to be just a grain of wheat in the vastest of human warehouses.

A Son of the Middle Border has the right to enduring life. It is frank, naive reality. It is the American document. It has the blood and breath and sweat of life on it--the kind of life that Garland came out of, and lived, and that many thousands of other Americans have lived.



Garland's romantic novels will probably not endure. It is safe to say, for the most part, that they are already forgotten. The author was not altogether successful in putting flesh and blood on the characters of his fiction, and he lacked the creative imagination necessary to conceive a novel of epic proportions.

All told, it is quite generally admitted that Garland's romantic writing was grossly inferior to his realistic work. Admittedly, as a man he had large, sympathetic feelings for the oppressed farmer and meant well when he tried to do something to alleviate the suffering he saw; but, it must also be admitted, good intentions alone are not sufficient reason to make a great literature, and that although Hamlin Garland was sometimes successful in depicting his feelings of resentment he was, in all his fictive, romantic writing, highly unsuccessful.

His chief importance lies in the fact that he was the first of a group of young realistic, rebellious writers. His was the first cry to come ringing out from the wilderness of the Middle Border. His were the most acrid tales that had, at that time, fruited in American literature.

Few as were the stories of Main-Traveled Roads and Prairie Folks, they constitute a landmark in our literary history, for they were the first authentic expression and protest of an Agrarian America then being submerged by the industrial revolution. No other man in our literature had known so intimately the Middle Border as Hamlin Garland--its restless swarmings from the old hives never pausing long enough to gather the honey of the new fields, its heedless venturings for the reputed





gold that lay beyond the farthest sunsets. 1.

The new trend to naturalism. To a generation that has forgotten the agrarian movement and the tragic story of mid-Western life during the 1890's, much of Garland's work seems, perhaps, unduly morbid and pessimistic. However, the truth of the matter is that Garland was an optimist; and although his was a fierce, brutal realism--a realism that paved the way, and possibly encouraged naturalism--Garland himself never rejected his faith in the benevolent universe of Herbert Spenser to join hands with the new naturalistic writers.

He was so deeply colored by his own native America and so obsessed with pronouncing his own explanations for the cause of evil in the world that he never changed or outgrew his opinions; and when the Populistic revolt had died down, when the last organized agrarian rebellion against the exploiting capitalist had become only an episode in our history, he had out-lived his day. He was too deeply stirred by Whitman's romantic faith in democracy, too narrowly a disciple of Henry George's Jeffersonian economics, to fit into an industrializing America. Despite his discipleship to European realism, he refused to go with the group of young left-wing Naturalists who were boldly venturing on new ways

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1. Louis Parrington, The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America, (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1930), p. 294



of fiction.

A feeling of resentment that had found its first outlet in Garland's early tragic tales had grown increasingly morbid, snarling, and cynical in expression until it reached culmination in ultra pessimism. Frank Norris in California, Dreiser in Indiana, Sherwood Anderson in Ohio, Masters and Sandburg and Vachel Lindsay in Illinois, were the spokesmen of this new feeling of resentment welling up in the American heart. The gloomier realism, or Naturalism, of these writers took its departure from two postulates: that men are physical beings who can do no other than obey the laws of a physical universe; and that in the vast indifferentism of nature they are inconsequential pawns in a game that to human reason has no meaning or rules.

Even as late as 1893, in spite of the stark ugliness of Garland's Middle Border pictures, American realism was still unlike in temper those somber etchings, burnt into dark patterns by the caustic acids of European experience, that came from the hands of the Russian, German, and French Naturalists. By the end of the decade, however, Naturalism had triumphed in America, and, by comparison, this new realistic morbidity made all of Garland's realistic bitterness seem only mildly bitter.

There is no way of knowing whether Garland's work was a contributory influence or causative factor in the developing of Naturalism in America. Any such affirmative claim





would necessarily be entirely theoretical. However, this is certain. Hamlin Garland was the link in the chain--the literary link--between an earlier optimistic literary expression and the late nineteenth century ultra pessimism or Naturalism.

Garland stood midway between the two schools of thought, rejecting the smiling, optimistic attitudes of the past, and likewise rejecting the futility of the Naturalists. He says of Norris's McTeague: "What avail is this study of sad lives? It does not even lead to a notion of social betterment."<sup>2</sup>.

He could not bring himself to accept the major criteria of naturalism as they were exemplified in the work of Zola, Strindberg and Hauptmann. A rebel American, inspired by Whitman and instructed by Henry George and Herbert Spencer, Garland would forever reject the somber, mechanistic background of Naturalistic thought. Neither a mechanistic science nor a regimental industrialism had risen in his outlook to bank the fires of his hope. No impersonal determinism had chilled his belief in man as a free-will agent in a moral universe.

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2. Hamlin Garland, A Son of the Middle Border, p. 417

1. The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year. It is divided into two main sections: the first section deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year, and the second section deals with the results of the work during the year.

2. The second part of the report deals with the results of the work during the year. It is divided into two main sections: the first section deals with the results of the work during the year, and the second section deals with the results of the work during the year.

3. The third part of the report deals with the results of the work during the year. It is divided into two main sections: the first section deals with the results of the work during the year, and the second section deals with the results of the work during the year.

4. The fourth part of the report deals with the results of the work during the year. It is divided into two main sections: the first section deals with the results of the work during the year, and the second section deals with the results of the work during the year.

5. The fifth part of the report deals with the results of the work during the year. It is divided into two main sections: the first section deals with the results of the work during the year, and the second section deals with the results of the work during the year.

6. The sixth part of the report deals with the results of the work during the year. It is divided into two main sections: the first section deals with the results of the work during the year, and the second section deals with the results of the work during the year.

7. The seventh part of the report deals with the results of the work during the year. It is divided into two main sections: the first section deals with the results of the work during the year, and the second section deals with the results of the work during the year.

8. The eighth part of the report deals with the results of the work during the year. It is divided into two main sections: the first section deals with the results of the work during the year, and the second section deals with the results of the work during the year.

9. The ninth part of the report deals with the results of the work during the year. It is divided into two main sections: the first section deals with the results of the work during the year, and the second section deals with the results of the work during the year.

10. The tenth part of the report deals with the results of the work during the year. It is divided into two main sections: the first section deals with the results of the work during the year, and the second section deals with the results of the work during the year.

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## SUMMARY

Briefly stated, this thesis purposes to present a short historic account of late nineteenth century America--a nation that was at once both Industrial and Agrarian. It attempts to recount the hardships suffered by an agrarian people and aims to show how these same mid-Western farmers rebelled against a political, social, and economic system that made them slaves of the soil.

Furthermore, as this treatise relates, the cries of the Agrarian Movement were re-echoed in late nineteenth century literature, and Hamlin Garland, one of the earliest Middle Border writers, was the first to tell the whole frank truth about the frontier life he knew so well. Time and time again, Garland turned to the prairie life for a story and when he wrote, all the harsh, bitter, cruel, unjust wounds of suffering mankind were laid bare and awkward before the reader.

Garland's Middle Border work is a chronicle ripped fresh from the frontier life of America--a picture crowded full with those gaunt, grim, sordid, pathetic, ferocious figures that sweat and bled and died on the wastes of American prairie-land.

As a realistic writer, Garland ignored the "smiling

## CHAPTER

### THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the United States is a story of growth and change, from a small colony to a great nation.

In 1776, the thirteen colonies declared their independence from Great Britain.

The new nation was founded on the principles of liberty and justice for all.

Over the years, the United States has grown in size and power, becoming a world leader.

Today, the United States is a diverse and dynamic nation, full of opportunity and hope.

The story of the United States is a story of progress and achievement.

It is a story of the American dream, of the pursuit of happiness and the better life.

The United States has a rich and varied history, with many important events and figures.

From the founding of the nation to the present day, the United States has shaped the world.

The history of the United States is a story of resilience and strength.

It is a story of the American spirit, of the courage and determination of the people.

The United States is a nation of many voices, many cultures, and many dreams.

The history of the United States is a story of unity and diversity.

It is a story of the American people, of their struggles and their triumphs.

The United States is a nation of hope and possibility.

The history of the United States is a story of the future.

It is a story of the American dream, of the pursuit of happiness and the better life.

aspects of life" and chose to believe that truth was a higher quality than beauty, and that it should everywhere be the design and intent of the artist to spread the reign of justice. His acrid, morbidly realistic tales of the Middle Border are powerfully written and undoubtedly will survive. His short stories and autobiographic novels remain his chief contributions to American literature.

His other work: his verse, his romantic tales, his miscellaneous writing on psychic research, is, for the most part, of negligible importance.

There is no way of knowing whether Garland's work was a contributory influence or causative factor in the development of Naturalism in America. However, this much is certain; Hamlin Garland was the link in the chain--the literary link--between an earlier optimistic literary expression and the late nineteenth century ultra pessimism or Naturalism.





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